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SLEIGHING.

BY J. A. C. O'CONNOR.

Jingle! jingle! ring the sleigh-bells,
As we swiftly onward go,
With our load of beaux and fair belles
O'er the freshly-fallen snow;
Jingle! jingle! cheerful music
Falls upon the list'ning ear,
Joyous shouts and peals of laughter
Float upon the atmosphere.

Jingle! jingle! now we're speeding
Smoothly, swiftly o'er the snow;
Bless me, *isn't* this delightful,
As we swiftly onward go?
See the moon! how fresh the air is!
Cheeks are red and eyes grow bright
Bless me, *don't* I love this sleighing,
In the sweetly calm moonlight.

Jingle! jingle! ring the sleigh-bells,
As we smoothly onward go;
With our freight of beaux and fair belles,
O'er the white and spotless snow;
Every laddie has his lassie
Hugging closely by his side,
While the merry sleigh-bells jingle,
As we speed on our sleigh ride.

$150 PRIZE STORY.

THE

"COCK OF THE WALK;"

OR, THE

BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. MARTIN LANE,

AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF

HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER VII.

"BARNEY LET THE GIRLS ALONE, AND LET 'EM QUIET BE!"

Puffy Joe on his Travels—Gets into the Police Court—A Regular Rape, or Too Much Familiarity on Short Acquaintance—The "Honeysuckle's" Escape—The Appointment with Campbell—"A Big Thing, and We Can See it!"

THE next morning, after the scenes of our last chapter, Puffy Joe could have been seen walking leisurely down town. He had been sent out by Bill Foster to gather some intelligence as to what transpired at the place of the row on the preceding evening, after they had left the premises. Puffy was rigged out in first-rate style, with a new checked shirt and a regular white standing collar.

"Blow my eyes!" said Puffy to himself, as he stood arranging his toilette before a little cracked looking glass about an inch in diameter, and pulled round his old straw hat so that the part upon which a small vestige of brim remained should be in front; "blow my eyes! but they'll think I'm Albert Edward himself, with a gold snuff box in my trowsers pocket, looking round for Peter Cooper!"

And so Joe was feeling pretty well, like a horse that had been wintered on a proper allowance of wheat, and he marched down the street, twirling a little cane in his hands, much to his own admiration if not to anybody's else.

The sidewalks were full of people hurrying along, and as Joe's portly body occupied a good deal of room and he was sauntering along at his leisure, the collisions were frequent. But Joe was so excessively polite, and apologised with so much suavity when by chance he put his foot down with somebody's boot between his and the pavement, that no one could take offence.

"Excuse me, Governor!" he exclaimed, as on a crossing he hurried along to avoid an omnibus, and was so unfortunate that he struck with a dead full the chest of a well-dressed man of business, and knocked him some seven or eight feet into the mud; "excuse me, Governor, and when you get on the sidewalk just get your boots blacked and have 'em charged to me!"

"Purely accidental, sir," he said as he brought down one of his heels on a tender footed gentleman who was conversing with a friend, and who roared with pain at the visitation; "entirely fortuitous, upon my honor; and if you have to get your foot cut off, I'll pay the damage, if you'll send the stump back for a receipt in full."

As he went along fairly overflowing with good humor, which vented itself in remarks like the preceding, he stumbled against a servant girl, who was carrying a market basket on her arm, and nearly sent her flying into the street.

"Hush, Biddy!" he said, observing the frown gathering upon the damsel's brow; "hush, Biddy! and rin home quick, for the childer are crying for the praties!"

"Blessed Virgin, but it's the spalpeen himself!" exclaimed the girl, as dropping the basket at once she sprang towards Puffy, and encircled him in her brawny arms "Help! help!" she continued, as Joe struggled under her fierce embrace; "he's the very man—the ould fat villain—and will nobody be after running for a Policeman?"

Joe, who was at first thunderstruck at the onslaught, began to have a dim recollection that he had heard those sweet tones before, but not relishing the reminiscences, endeavored to get away. But the effort was fruitless. In a second a crowd had collected about them whose sympathies were entirely on the side of the girl, who was young and good looking.

Joe made a desperate attempt to enlist the feelings of the crowd in his favor as soon as he saw the complexion of affairs.

"Go home! Biddy, I tell ye; go home this instant, and I'll never complain again of your being out nights with Nick Flanigan, the butcher!"

"Ye lie, ye vile-mouthed blackguard that ye are! For the love of God will no one be after stopping here, instead of running for a Policeman?"

Just then two functionaries of the law burst through the crowd and seized poor Joe by the collar.

"Cling to him! cling to him!" she cried, as she caught Puffy by one leg in her desire to render the officers all necessary assistance in the discharge of their duties; "cling to him, for he's a slippery villain, that he is!"

"Take away that cussed cat!" exclaimed Joe, remembering his last night's experience.

"What's this man been doing?" said one of the officers, disengaging her at last from Puffy.

"Och! but he's not a honest man at all—at all!"

"But what's he been doing? Come, speak quick!"

"Och! but he's a murdering villain indeed, and should be locked away from the society of virtuous and abandoned females!"

"But what's he been doing to you?"

"But he broke into my house like a burglar that he was."

"Well then you'll have to come down to the Police Court along with us, and tell your story. Move on, Jimmy!"

Joe, finding that his expostulations would be useless, went quietly along, cursing his miserable stars. The Irish girl followed on, after a vain search for her market basket, which had taken itself off during the melee, keeping up a running fire of reproaches at Joe all the way.

They happened to arrive at the Court when there was no business at all before the Judge, and he signified his readiness to attend to the matter at once.

"What's your name?" said he to the girl.

"Bridget McLaughlin, at your honor's convenience;" she replied, with a courtesy, in the pure accents of the Emerald Isle.

"What's this man been doing to you?" he asked, taking his pen in hand to write down her statement.

"Faith and he did nothing to me at all, at all!"

"Well, that's simple enough so far," said the old Judge, taking off his spectacles. "And now, what have you been doing to him?"

"Me! and I bit his leg for him—the rascal! and a dirty mouthful I had too, for I have'n't lost the taste of it yet!"

"I'm sorry for that, Bridget," said the magistrate, "but I shall be obliged to send you up for thirty days, and you can get the taste out at your leisure!"

"And what's your honor going to send me up for?" exclaimed the girl in accents of surprise.

"For biting a man's leg. Make out the mittimus, Mr. Clerk—thirty days—assault and battery!"

"But why shouldn't I bite the villain's leg, your honor, when he was trying to take away the virtue from an honest woman, like an ill-favored rascal as he is?"

"Oh! that's a different story. Hold on a minute, Mr. Clerk—that's a different story! You told me he didn't do anything to you!"

"No more he did, your honor, and I'm as pure as the unborn babe; but the spalpeen tried his best, and if I hadn't got my teeth in his dirty leg, Bridget McLaughlin would have been ruined entirely.

"Well then, tell your story, girl," said the Judge, resuming his pen.

"I've told you my story, for the rascal tried to inveigle me with his soft blandishments and his blarney; but I screamed and he said 'now whisth, Bridget darlint!' but I screamed all the more, until I had woken the house, and the villain quit—but I bit his leg for him, that I did, before he went."

"What have you got to say for yourself, young man?" said the Magistrate, turning to Joe.

"Me!" said Puffy, with an air of injured innocence; "I don't know the woman from twenty-five dollars in small change. I never saw her before in my life."

"Ye lie—ye lie! ye rascal!" broke in Bridget; "ye've seen me before—and behind too—and now by token just pull up his trowsers there, and ye'll find the mark of my teeth in his dirty leg—all but the mark of the eye tooth that I lost a year ago, and I didn't bite him with that."

"Hold on woman, hold on!" shouted the Judge, losing his patience. "Now just answer my questions, or I'll commit you. When was this?"

"It was last night, your honor."

"Where were you?"

"In bed in my own room, your honor."

"Were you asleep when he came in your room?"

"Yes, your honor; I was snoring hard."

"You were acquainted with him before this, I suppose?"

"No! your honor; not the smallest bit."

"Well, what then?"

"Well! he came into my room and got into my bed, and now by token he had his boots on at the time, and thinks I to myself, it's mighty familiar, young man, that your'e getting to be on so short an acquaintance!"

"Never mind what your thoughts were, Bridget, but what happened next?"

"I screamed as loud as I could, and took a bite of the rascal's leg, till I alarmed the house and he left—the dirty scamp that he was!"

"But what were these *blandishments* that you spoke about, Bridget?"

"His getting into bed with his boots on, and breaking it all to pieces, and his rolling all over the floor; and what more could he have done under the circumstances?"

"Young man," said the Judge, "have you anything to say about this matter? for it's a bad look for you."

"Yes! indeed;" said Puffy, wiping his eye on the corner of his yellow bandanna, "and it would strike to the stomach of my poor old mother like cold boiled tripe in a hot day; and I would like to ask some questions of this respectable young woman of Irish extraction, if your honor will permit it?"

"You may ask her any proper questions, sir."

"Well then, Bridget, I want to know why you went and blowed out the light after I came into your room?"

"Ye lie, ye blackguard!—for there was no light in my room at all!"

"But what made you come down and open the door and let me into your room?"

"Ye lie again! For when I went up to my bed I bolted the door for fear that such vagabonds as you would be prowling around; and I never opened it, for by token when the people of the house heard my screams I had to go and let them in myself!"

"But, Bridget, it was at the other door—"

"I tell ye there was only one door at all to the room!"

"But, Bridget, you can't deny that you let me in at your window?"

"Oh! but you have a fast tongue for lying in your head, young man, for there's but one window, and that has been nailed up for more than two years; and it's nailed up now, for I saw it myself last night as soon as you were gone."

"But how did I go away, Bridget?"

"Faith and it's myself that would like to know that same; for there was nobody in the room when I unbolted the door and let the folks in, any more than there was when I went to bed! And they said I must have dreamed it all."

"But you were sick, Bridget, and didn't have any supper that night."

"Indade I did; and I ate again, too, just before I went to bed, some sausages, and some pig's feet, and some cold meat; and I never felt better in my whole life!"

"That's all, Bridget," said Puffy; "you've told the truth for once, and when I write to Tipperary I'll tell your old folks that you're a credit to your friends and an ornament to society."

"And yer wrong again, for they don't live in Tipperary at all, but in Leinster; only my mother died two years before I was born, and my father was never in the old country at all!"

"Well, Governor," said Joe turning to the Magistrate, "it's a pretty clear case against the pig's feet and sausages, but I don't see anything you've got to hang me for."

The magistrate had sat very quietly all through the foregoing conversation, and burst fairly into a good natured laugh at the last remark of Joe.

"You'll do to travel," young man, said he, "and you can go. As for your case, Bridget, it's a hard one, but I can't bind over the pig's feet and sausages. They're out of my jurisdiction, and you'll have to take your complaint into another court."

"And will the dirty spalpeen go," said the astonished maid, "with nothing but a bite in his leg?"

In a *pig's leg*," interrupted Puffy.

"Yes!" said the Judge, "and it's no wonder that you tasted it after you went to sleep!"

"And you're another—as dirty an ould baste as he is!" exclaimed the youthful damsel.

"Clear the court, Mr. Officer!" said the Judge; and before Bridget fairly understood the turn matters were taking, she was hustled out by some of the officious attendants.

"You'd make a good lawyer, young man," said the magistrate. "You made a very shrewd cross-examination of that female."

"Bless your stars!" said Joe, "that's what I was brought up to; for my father was always at the *bar*, and my mother was a Justice of the Peace; and I left the profession 'cause it got to be so low."

"Well! keep clear of it then; and mind always to 'let the girls alone'—and you'll *do*."

"Yes!" said Joe, buttoning up his coat, "it's pretty generally allowed that I can 'sweep a crossing.' Good day, your honor!"

With these words Puffy buttoned up his coat and started. He had just reached the door when he felt a slight touch on his shoulder, and these words whispered in his ear:—

"Let me see your leg, Joe?"

He turned quickly, and to his consternation found Ches Campbell beside him.

"Let me look at your leg, Joe?" repeated Campbell. "It's rather lucky that Bridget didn't mention the *scuttle*!"

Joe's heart sank within him, at first; but he quickly became reassured, as he thought that Campbell would not have waited till this moment if he had wished him any injury.

"It's hard times," said Puffy, "that a virtuous young man of high moral principles should be subjected to such degrading suspicions It's worse than playing euchre with three dummies!"

"Yes Joe," said Campbell pleasantly, "your moral principles are pretty high—about as high up as an *attic*!"

"Never mind the attic, Ches., for I don't suppose you believe that ridiculous absurdity."

"Oh! I understand the whole of it, Puffy, just as well as if I'd been there myself. I was after Bill last night, and knew you went out on the roof at Jem Bates'; but there I lost you, and I suppose you frightened the girl going down. That's all right enough, Joe, but I want to find Bill."

"Well! why don't you go to work and find him, old feller? People don't have to look for him often or call for him very loud. There's one man wanted to see him last night, but he got a quarter's worth."

That was a smart little row, last night, and from what I hear Bill ran a great risk; for they said Pete Maddocks tried to knife him!"

"That's so! but Pete got laid out that time, and the last I saw of him he looked as though he was booked for a nap without bed clothes."

"Yes! we were glad enough to get hold of him, for we've been after him for two days for killing a couple of men the other night."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Joe, "for he's an infernal villain, and if they've got a hot corner in hell I hope they'll save it for him!"

"Well! we've lost him, anyhow—for he slipped us!"

"Slipped you! How? Why Bill Foster struck him under the ear, I tell ye, and it was a fair clip; and I'll bet the straps on both my boots that I could have carried the critter up to the hospital and sold him for a subject."

That was the trouble. He was stunned when we found him, and as I was after Bill Foster more particularly at the time, I told some of the men to pitch him into a carriage and take him up to the Tombs; and they thought he was about dead, so they didn't put on the bracelets, and only one officer got inside with him, and the other was on the box; but just before they got there he came to his senses—Bill must have bit him a shade too far back—and throttled Garrison—nearly killed the fellow—and when the hack was turning a corner, and they were looking to see how near they could go to the curbstone, Pete jumped out the other side, and didn't stop to settle his fare."

"That's Pete Maddocks all over!" cried Joe; "for when he's in a corner he'll fight like the Irish Pet!"

"But I want to see Bill Foster," continued Campbell.

"Why what's he been a doing?" inquired Puffy.

"You know as well as I do, Joe," replied Ches. "It's a fair thing—if he'll only give back the papers, and there won't be any questions asked, and the party interested will give a trifle, I guess."

"Who is the party?" said Joe, cautiously.

"You know that, Puffy, for you lit your pipe on his steps!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Puffy. "Well I suppose there's no law again that!"

"Perhaps there may be, Joseph, against your laying out Chenery on his back."

This was a dilemma for Joseph, for he had no desire to take any violent exercise in the way of running, and he wasn't inclined to try any cross buttocks on a fellow like Ches Campbell. He resigned himself to his fate.

"What's the lay?, Ches" he asked.

"I don't want to make any trouble for you, Puffy, for there's more good than harm in your fat body; but I want Bill Foster—he's the man—now tell me where he is?"

"Look a here, Ches. Campbell," said Joe, turning round and gazing at the officer square in the face, "I used to think you a pretty decent man, but it's my opinion now that you're no better than a lot of dead lambs tails sewed up in a blue coat! You want me to tell you where Bill Foster is? Why you ain't man enough to carry chesnuts to a monkey! You're meaner than raw tripe! You want me to tell you where Bill Foster is? You can take the straps off both my boots, but if you ask me that again I'll put your eye in mourning for a month!"

Campbell did not at all lose his good temper at these words of Joe, but quietly said:—

"You misunderstand me, Puffy. All I want is to see Bill Foster and talk with him about this matter. It's as much for his interest as it is for mine. If you'll take me to Bill Foster, I won't offer to arrest him. Surely you and the 'Cock of the Walk' ain't afraid of one man?"

Joe pondered over this proposition for some minutes before he answered. At last an idea struck him—

"I'll tell you what, Ches.," said he, "I'll get you an interview with Bill—if so be you'll bring along with you the gentleman who owns them papers, so he can talk right out what he's willing to do; and I'll promise that we won't harm him, or you either."

It was now Campbell's turn to deliberate. He knew from his experience that it would be a very difficult thing to find Bill Foster, if he only chose to keep out of his way; and if he found him and arrested him—what then? He would be as far from obtaining the papers as ever. It was true he might send the "Cock of the Walk" up to Sing Sing for a retirement, but that was not what either he or Cathcart wanted. The papers were the only things desirable, and the only way to obtain them was by negotiation. As he ran over in his mind these considerations, he came to the conclusion that it was best to accept Puffy's proposition.

"Well, Joe," said he, "it's agreed! I'll bring Cathcart, if he'll come; and if he won't, I'll come alone."

"That cat won't scratch!" said Puffy immediately. "Bill Foster never'll deal with an agent when there's a principal behind the scenes."

"I can't say but what it's fair enough, Joe. Where shall we come?"

"Come! well you come about nine o'clock this evening to the corner of Eighth and Broadway—lower corner, on the northerly side—and there you'll find the subscriber waiting."

"I'm sorry you can't trust me any more, Joe," said Campbell

"Well!" replied Puffy, with a broad grin on his broad face, "you may perhaps have seen a notice to the effect that that individual had departed this life from a disease called 'bad pay.' Trust you, Ches.! I'll trust you, or any other man, with my wallet, and allow you to take that and settle all my debts, and I won't ask you for a sing'e receipt; but when it comes to a secret—why I wouldn't trust that to one of them little images on a tomb stone!"

"All right, then, Joe!" said Campbell, "and we'll be on hand precisely at nine."

With a light heart Joe went on his way, confident that he had done a "big thing." "Yes," he thought, as he shook off the dust of the legal sanctuary from his feet, "if we can only get the old 'un and young 'un together, and Bill and I stand by to see fair play, something 'll have to split, if it ain't no bigger than a shingle. We shall have old Cathcart in a box, sure—it's a big thing and we can see it!"—TO BE CONTINUED.

PROF. RISLEY'S FREE FIGHT!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER.

DEAR FRANK:—Did you ever see Prof. Risley perform his acrobatic feats with his two bright boys? Of course you have! Who has not? Well, did you know that he used to be a "rag merchant" in South Bend, Ind., and there was wont to deal out to the pretty women in that section—calicoes, tapes, stockings, garters and "sich like," at such prices that drew down upon him the envy and malice of his brother merchants, the wonder of the b'hoys, and the winning smiles of the feminines? Did not know it? Then for once I'm ahead of you on a "public character," and will tell you an incident in the Professor's life while in that same wide awake town of South Bend.

Richard Risley Carlisle, or "Our Dick," as the boys used to call him, was the best natured fellow in town—but he was known to be as quick as a cat, and as muscular as a horse, and as he had received instruction in the "manly art" from a travelling Prof., he was looked upon by the blustering rowdies as poor stock for investment, consequently, when they wanted to quarrel, they looked elsewhere for a customer.

On one occasion, however, when Dick had taken the prettiest girl in town to a country ball, some half dozen strapping big fellows suddenly burst into the room and swore that they would kiss every girl on the floor, or there should be such a fight as would make Rome howl. Richard Risley Carlisle suddenly dropped into that crowd and exploded like a rocket! Right and left; every time straight from the shoulder, and every blow brought down a man. Before the girls had time to shriek, before the dancers had recovered from their fright, and before the rowdies had discovered what was going on, they were tumbled headlong down the stairs, with their appetites for kissing slightly on the decline. With broken noses, bruised limbs and mutilated pride, the rowdies took their departure, swearing vengeance on that "cussed dry goods feller," and vowing to get him licked, or they'd know the reason why, "pooty soon too." Hearing of a big, blustering, fighting man some twenty miles further in the interior, the rowdies went down, and for twenty five dollars hired him to go to South Bend to whip Dick Carlisle. On his arrival in town, the giant went to Mr. Carlisle's store, and, asking for the proprietor, coolly took him on one side and made known his business, adding in congratulatory tones:—

"I am to have $25 for the job; and the boys are to pay all costs if we are taken up for fighting!"

"All right!" good humoredly replied Carlisle, "you just wait here a few minutes till I get through trading with these ladies that are in the store, and we will then go out on the green and have a jolly time."

The big fellow was amused at the suggestion that it was going to be a "jolly time," and almost regretted that he was going to whip so good a fellow, but he had given his word, and his honor must be vindicated. After the ladies had finished their shopping, and had left the store, Dick gaily stepped around the counter, slapped the big fellow good humoredly on the shoulder, and exclaimed:—"Come! let's have a drink first, so that we shall be in good spirits."

"Well! I don't mind drinking!" was the reply, "but you needn't think to buy me off with liquor; for I've promised to lick you, and by the great guns I'll do it anyhow. You look mighty pooty, and talk like a sun flower, but I'wont do, my chicken, I'wont do!"

"Jess so!" says Dick, "but then we wont quarrel till we begin to fight."

So the two indulged in a pleasant smile, and then repaired to the green. After finding a good place, Dick turned and laughingly said—"Are you ready?"

"*Every time!*" was the reply.

"Then pitch in," said Dick, squaring himself in the most artistic style—"Pitch in, and have a good time."

No quicker said than done. The big fellow made a lunge with his long muscular arms as if he was going to chaw his opponent all to pieces, but Dick parried the awkward attack, and with a quick retort straight from the shoulder, gave the fellow a tap on the neck that sent him to grass like a bag of potatoes; when, as if to keep himself from rusting, Dick commenced dancing around his fallen foe in the most fantastic and comical manner.

After getting up and shaking himself together, the half bewildered fellow made a second lunge, which was as easily disposed of as the first, and followed by a rap on the cranium that doubled him up like a jack knife.

"Dear! dear!" groaned Dick, "that was too bad; I bit you a little too hard, didn't I, old fellow? I'm afraid I hurt you!"

"You be damned!" was the fierce reply; "I'll pay you back with interest in a few minutes. Just let me get a pop at you, and I'll knock hell out of you!"

"Satisfy yourself!" said Dick good humoredly, "and you'll suit me; but my arms are getting a little loose, and I'm afraid I can't contract 'em much longer; and if I hit you again, I'm dreadful afraid I shall hurt you!"

This maddened the fellow so that he sprang to his feet, and blindly "went in" for a big fight.

Carlisle artistically warded off his good intentions, and giving his left duke the benefit of his whole strength, he gave the fellow a broadside on the ribs, instantly followed by a stunning auctioneer on the *os frontis* that spread him out like a wet rag, leaving him with two broken ribs and his face covered with gore.

The fellow lay on the ground about three minutes, with too much pride to groan, and too much fear to get up; when Dick kindly knelt by his side, and in a mixed tone of fun, sarcasm and affection, exclaimed, as he wiped the blood from his flushed face—

"Now don't get excited! Keep cool, and you'll come around all right in a few minutes. You needn't have any fears of being prosecuted for fighting! This isn't fighting. Nobody around here would call this a fight! Why, my dear fellow, we're only playing. If they call this a fight, everybody would be prosecuted! Boys play this way every day, and they ain't prosecuted. Shall we play any more?"

"No, by thunder!" groaned the poor fellow; "I've made a big enough fool of myself, enough for one day. You've whipped me, and I believe you've broken every rib in my body. You're too many for me. I've fit with a pile of men in my day, and I never was licked before; but them infernal horse kicking straight blows of yourn has knocked thunder out o' me."

Dick kindly helped the broken hearted fellow to the hotel, and paid his board and doctor's bill until he got well. The two men have been warm friends ever since; the biggest one travelling as baggage master with a popular circus company; whilst the other has gained a reputation, both in this country and in Europe, as the most daring, muscular and graceful acrobat living, and is known as Prof. Risley. TRUMPS.

ON THE WING, Jan. 1861.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.—A writer in the Congregationalist, who evidently believes with the Apostle James, that faith without works is dead, thus describes the kind of religion which the times require:—

"We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit.

"We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from sugar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box.

"The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Gouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar material, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have been paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceiling that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, nor paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but on no account touched.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

HURRY AND LEISURE.—It is all very well to be occasionally, for two or three days, or even a fortnight, in a hurry. Every honest man with work to do will find that occasionally there comes a pressure of it; there comes a crowd of things which must be done quickly, if they are done at all; and the condition thus induced is hurry. Of course, there is a distinction between haste and hurry—hurry adding to rapidity the element of painful confusion; but in the case of ordinary people, haste generally implies hurry. And it will never do to become involved in a mode of life which implies a constant breathless pushing on. It must be a horrible thing to go through life in a hurry. It is highly expedient for all, it is absolutely necessary for most men, that they should have occasional leisure. Many enjoyments—perhaps all the tranquil and enduring enjoyment of life—cannot be felt except in leisure. And the best products of the human mind and heart can be brought forth only in leisure. Little does he know of the calm, unexciting, unwearying, lasting satisfaction of life, who has never known what it was to place the leisurely hand in the idle pocket, and to saunter to and fro. Leisure, be it remembered, is the intermission of labor; it is the blink of idleness in the life of a hard-working man. It is only in the case of such a man that leisure is dignified, commendable or enjoyable. But to him it is all these and more. Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it. It is fit that one should occasionally sit down on a grassy bank, and look listlessly, for a long time, at the verdure around, and watch the patches of bright blue sky through the green leaves overhead. It is right to rest on a large stone by the margin of a river; to rest there on a summer day for a long time, and to watch the lapse of the water as it passes away, and to listen to its silvery ripple over the pebbles. Who but a blockhead will think you idle? Of course blockheads may; but who cares for the opinion of blockheads?

BELOW THE ATLANTIC.—Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any others yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least 230 miles from the coast of Ireland the water is still shallow; or in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised. It is just beyond this that the true Atlantic begins, the gulf suddenly sinking to 9,000 feet. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft stickey substance, called ooze, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water; some resembling toothed wheels; others, bundles of spines or threads from a little globule. Some however are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea water—which is more than every chemist could do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skelestons of these little creatures. Part of this ooze is doubtless from the clouds of fine dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoon over the country, lose themselves in the "steep Atlantic." No bones have been found of the larger animals, so that the kraken and the sea serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or keepsake has been found to testify of the countless gallant ships and more gallant men who have gone down amid the pitiless waves. —*All the Year Round.*

DURATION OF LIFE AMONG ARTISTS.—In Gould's Dictionary of Arts, published in 1839, the names, with the ages, of 1122 persons are given, which furnish the following remarkable facts as to the longevity of this class of men. Died under sixty years old, 474; sixty years and under seventy, 250; seventy years and under eighty, 243; eighty years and under ninety, 154; ninety years and under a hundred, 19; above a hundred, 1—the mean age at death of the whole number being 55 years, from which it would appear that the pursuit of the fine arts has a tranquillising effect upon the spirits, and a tendency to moral refinement in the habits and manners of its professors, extremely favorable to the prolongation of life.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—"On Tuesday next, being Shrove Tuesday (1726), there will be a fine hog barbecu'd whole, at the house of Peter Brett, at the 'Rising Sun', in Islington Road, London, with other diversions. NOTE.—It is the house where the ox was roasted whole on Christmas last." A hog barbecu'd is a West India term, and means a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine Oldfield, an eminent glutton of former days, gormandised away a fortune of fifteen pounds a year. Pope thus alludes to him:—

"Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, 'Send me, O, gods, a whole hog barbecu'd!'"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W G S., Toronto.—1. The bye laws are not published. 2. It cannot be fought for on foreign soil. 3. We have not. Putnam's Rower's Manual will give you every information, however. We can forward it for $1. 4. The Flying Cloud made 6 miles in 59 min. 12 sec., Lowell, Oct. 27, 1855; the Volant, 6 miles in 50 min. 6 sec., Boston, Oct. 27, 1855; Fort Hill Boy 2½ miles, in 20 min. 15 sec., at Portland, July 4, 1857; the Lexington, 5 miles, in 39 min., 43 sec., at Lowell, Sept. 23, 1857, and the Harvard, 3 miles, in 19 min. 22 sec., at Boston, June 18, 1858. These are all six oard boats. 5. Should be glad to hear from you at your convenience. 6. We are not posted as to the qualifications necessary.

BRYAN, Ohio.—We have always taken the ground that where it is so distinctly expressed in the agreement, that the highest *throw* shall take the first prize, next highest the second prize, etc.—the highest ties throw off for first prize, and the next highest ties for second prize. In your case, according to our understanding of the agreement, A and B own the first prize, and can divide it, throw off, or settle its disposition as they may see proper. E and F own the second prize, and may dispose of it by mutual agreement. Had it been stated that the *two* highest throws should take the two prizes, then, in our opinion, A and B would be entitled to both prizes, merely throwing off for choice.

J. R. B., Lycoming, Pa.—*Euchre.*—The party who makes the trump has the privilege of going alone, but no other. Therefore, D cannot play alone. The game is played differently in different localities, regarding this point; but, according to a strict construction of the rules, as we understand them, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that the player ordering up, taking up, or making the trump, is the only one that has the privilege of going alone. Your subscription will expire in five weeks from the present issue.

J P Y.—*All Fours.*—"A and B are each five points. A deals and turns up Jack, putting him at six. B begs, and the cards are run three farther. B leads a side card and A takes the trick. A leads back a side card which B takes with the Jack of trumps, and as Jack is high, he claims out, although A holds low. Who is entitled to the game?".....A is. He being at six points and holding low, is out, because, although Jack is high, which puts B at six, he cannot take one for Jack until after low is taken.

J. WELLS & Co., N. Y.—"A friend and myself were playing a game of All Fours; we had two to go, each; spades were trumps; I had the deuce of spades, he played the Jack; I made low game, he made high Jack. Who won?".....Your friend won. The points in all fours are taken after the hand is played out, in the following order. High, first; low, second; Jack, third; and game last; consequently your point for game did not avail you anything, as your friend had gone out with his high and Jack.

YOUNG BENICIA, Cleveland.—We do not know Chambers' best time, consequently we are unable to answer your first query. 2. The race will take place in the spring, or early in the summer. 3. We have nothing to found an opinion upon. 4. The champion is a Union man, we believe. 5. If you had posted yourself by means of the CLIPPER, you would have discovered that the match was off, and that the backer of Benjamin had backed out.

X. Y. Z. Dover, N. H.—*Euchre.*—"A, B, C, and D are playing; A deals, B passes, C assists. Can A play it alone?".....The rule on this point in the game, says, that either way is correct, but that an agreement in reference to it should be made before commencing play. Our own opinion is and we have repeatedly so expressed it—that where one player assists, a partner *cannot* play it alone under any circumstances.

BIRDSBORO,'—You have not mentioned the agreement by which the raffle was to have been governed, and in the absence of that information, we can give no decision. However, by referring to our answer to "Bryan," in this department, you may learn our views on the subject, and which may assist you in arriving at a proper decision of the dispute in question.

TWELVE, BROAD ST.—Castle Pinckney is situated on the southern extremity of Shute's Folly Island, and may be considered the outwork of the city of Charleston, and commands the whole line of the eastern wharves, and is about five miles from Fort Moultrie.

JAS. LAWRIE, Kinston, N. C.—We are pleased to know that our Southern friends do not propose to secede from the CLIPPER. Two dollars in specie sent in a registered letter, would be the best plan, but if you can't do that, do the best you can and you will satisfy us.

P. B. Fort Ripley, Minn.—1. A cannot revoke the king of hearts, and play a club or diamond to B's ace of hearts. 2. See answer to "J. R. B." 3. The postage charged at your end is correct, and in accordance with postal law

HARRY BLAKE, N. Y.—1. Our advice is to let the business alone, and have nothing whatever to do with the parties you mention, and by that means save your $5, health and reputation. 2. Your other queries are of a nature to which we cannot reply.

J. H. H.—1. What parts of the respective coasts do you allude to? 2. You will have observed that our canine department is discontinued.

C. G S., Buffalo.—1. He is not a Catholic, we believe. 2. The postage must be paid in advance at your end of the route, 26 cents a year. The additional funds will entitle you to 14 weeks longer.

B. F. F. New Oregon.—1. We can forward you a suit of boxing gloves for $5, the freight to be paid at your end of the route; also Photographs of Heenan for $1 50.

B. F. B., Holliston, Mass.—1. As we understand your query, neither wins. The number being equal, it is a tie. 2. We do not answer questions by mail.

W. S. L., Clinton, O.—1. We'll forward the other two numbers, gratis. 2. Keep a look-out for their whereabouts, in our theatrical summary.

C. F., Boston, Mass.—"Owen Swift on Boxing" and "Boxing without a master," by a pupil of Mendoza, we can forward at 12 cents each.

JAS. CRAVEN, New Mexico.—1. We published no pictorial for the holidays just passed. 2. Your instructions shall be attended to.

ED J., N. Y.—1. Rather doubtful, we think. 2. Send or come to the office as soon as convenient

H. S. Port Jervis.—You are mistaken, we have no person by the name of Ward, occupying any such position in our establishment.

W. A. H., Pawtucket.—Lincoln 362,367; Fusion 313,790. In favor of Lincoln 48,577.

SAM C., Cincinnati.—1. Your question on "poker" is not explicitly stated. 2. That is his proper name. 3. He is not her husband

J. WILLIAMS, Granville.—A deposit should have accompanied your challenge, to have insured its insertion.

OLD SPORT, N. Y.—It can be played by any number of persons up to six.

PORTER, West Chester, Pa.—We do not know his whereabouts at present.

F. J. B., Unadilla.—1. Money received and credited. 2. See answer to C. F.

M. Mc., Hinckley.—Your subscription has eight weeks longer to run.

E. F. M., Parma.—1. We can supply all the numbers but the last, five in all, at 4 cents per copy.

G. T. S., Kingston.—The Park theatre was burnt down first in 1820, and on the last occasion, during the winter of 1848.

J. J. T. B.—1. They are both in New York. 2. What Buckley do you mean?

GIGGER DEALER, Westminister, Ind.—It would be highly improper for us to publish such a communication.

N. L. A., Dubuque.—We are sorry that we cannot give you the required information.

L. R. B., Belle Vernon, Pa.—We cannot.

A SUBSCRIBER, Staten Island.—See answer to "X. Y. Z."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Tom Sayers' father was born in England.

WARD AND CHAMBERS.—It is yet rather too early to look for an answer from Chambers, although any steamer may now bring the document. Notwithstanding that everything seems swallowed up in secession yet there is a deep anxiety manifesting itself respecting the proposed "International Sculling Match," and information regarding the doings of the men, the time they have made, etc., is eagerly sought after. Chambers, from his long catalogue of victories, is much fancied by his countrymen here, as well as by many Americans who have already been "cyphering up" the chances. Ward has not been long before the public, and has not had many opportunities to distinguish himself; but in those events in which he has taken part, he has favorably impressed the spectators, and made many friends. Chambers' advent upon these shores will give an impetus to aquatic sports such as they have never had before, and the "Clasper" style of shells will at once come into favor, and so continue until they be superseded by something on the "American plan" a "trifle faster." "Old Harry" himself is expected along with Chambers, and what with the Thames Champion, the famous boat builder, and the great International event, boating circles will have enough to talk about for years to come.

Our own boat builders are stirring, in anticipation of the great increase to their business which the big match will give them. They have a chance to immortalise themselves by building a boat that will eclipse the "Clasper model." We would suggest that each boat builder set to work, and try himself on a model to compete with the Clasper model. When completed, let us have a fair trial of these various boats, and let that one which shall prove the best adapted to the purpose, be the one selected to carry Josh. Ward, muscle and American boat builders, if in such we do excel. What say our boat builders?

PRIZE FIGHTING IN THE UNITED STATES.

UNTIL prize fighting shall be conducted in a more manly and honest manner than has characterised the Ring in this country of late years, we do not believe that the "institution" can become very popular, however great the desire may be that the science of manual defence shall supersede the use of the knife and pistol. With us, where one match is conducted in a straight-forward, legitimate style, eleven are "put through" in a directly opposite character. In a word, there are those *professing* to admire pugilism as a manly science, who "go in" on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose." The paramount object with these men seems to be to make the Prize Ring a gambling machine, by which the unsuspecting innocent may be fleeced, and the few knowing ones reap a rich harvest of the pickings. For years we have battled in defence of the pugilist, and the prize ring. For years we stood by them single-handed, when some who *now* profess friendship for them, were loudest in their opposition. We have always been a friend to the pug, and our aim has been, not so much to inculcate a love of prize-fighting, as to show that there is a more humane mode of redressing wrongs, and defending one's self from attack, than that which puts in peril a fellow being's life when deadly weapons are brought into action. Our interest in behalf of the pugilist has been abused, however, and the efforts we have made to popularise the ring have been frustrated by the very men whose duty it was to aid us; and now, through the lawlessness of certain parties claiming to be pugilists, and patrons of pugilism, it is not without the greatest difficulty that a prize fight can be brought to an issue, and a just decision rendered on the merits of the fight, alone.

For the past few years we have had innumerable challenges and acceptances; we have had articles signed, and matches made; yet out of the whole number, how few have come to a fight, and of these few how small the number that have been decided fairly and squarely, according to the merits of the contestants, or in accordance with a strict construction of the rules by which such contests are, or should be governed. The art of making and carrying through a match successfully, without regard to actual hostilities in the ring, appears to be the great desideratum now-a-days. Match making and match winning is a science which all strive to excel in, in these days of improvement and progress. Formerly, the pug himself was the great centre, on whose efforts hung the fate of the battle. It is not so now, for the match maker and the backer are the prominent characters in the fistic drama, the pugilist merely playing a secondary part, and in all things obeying the instructions of the gentlemen who "pull the wires." These wire-pullers must win, by hook or by crook; and if they cannot succeed by taking counsel with the opposite side, money will bring about a union, and the profits made in outside betting are equally divided. There is no scarcity of means by which the great object in view can be achieved; and that object is, to make money out of the pug by fair means or foul. In some instances, where a match is made, and the money deposited, and the cards do not work according to the programme, it is the easiest matter in the world to raise some sort of a quibble, and take the chances for extricating themselves from an "untoward position." Sometimes an arrest is effected in a very quiet way, no one having the least idea as to who "put up the job." Again, a determined opposition is made in the selection of a referee; or, if that official shall have been previously appointed, then the police are put on the scent, and the job is so cleverly managed, that the blues appear just as the "boys" have thrown off their toggery; and, helter skelter, all hands scatter to their respective quarters. Where the pugs are permitted to toe the scratch, and enter upon the fight, ten chances to one "the thing is set," and that the "outside betters" are plying their calling with remarkable activity and zeal. When, however, the pug to be sacrificed is an unwilling part of the arrangement, and thinks more of his reputation than the "price" he is to receive, then it is that other tactics are resorted to—the sponge is thrown up, *will he, nill he;* or, if the doomed pug rebels, the umpire is bought off, or the referee "intimidated" into giving a decision according to the "set programme." When everything else fails—when the battle is lost and won—when the "best man wins" in a legitimate manner, and the tricks and traps of the schemers have been upset by the honest conduct of the poor pug—there is a chance still left by which the backer may save his stake; and that is, to sue the stakeholder; for, according to the "Gambling Act," a stakeholder is liable for the amount deposited with him; even though he may have paid over the entire stakes to the winning party; still the loser may enter suit for his share of the battle money, and the law cannot do else than award it to him

The pugs, in many instances, are used as tools by professional backers and match makers; sometimes unwillingly, at other times with a full knowledge of the facts and purposes for which they are "bought." On the other hand the *un*-professional backers are frequently made use of by men calling themselves prize fighters, and their "friends." Out of pure love for the science, there are many gentlemen who will back a man in a match for a prize fight, supposing, of course, that the pug will do his best to win. Everything goes along smoothly—the gent is kept posted regarding the progress of his *protege*—how he "bested" a much better man in a set to—how the pug has such a sure thing of it, that he has sold all he had that he could raise money on, so that he could "get on" a little in outside betting. All these things are mysteriously whispered in the ear of the unsuspecting backer, and a hint given at the same time that he can do a "big thing" by putting on a little in the betting. Interested in the event in hand, our unprofessional friend consents to venture, and the pug's friends willingly engage to invest his money for him. On the day of battle, owing to an "injury received in training; or, to a *chance blow*, which knocked him out of time, *our* pug is defeated, and, instead of the backer doing a "big thing," he finds, when it is too late, that *he* is the big thing that that has been "done." There are others, however, who would scorn to take advantage of a backer, be he professional or unprofessional. To such, our strictures do not apply.

So distrustful have we become of matches, that we have repeatedly refused to hold stakes. In former times we held nearly all monies pending on sporting events, and in many instances have been a great loser thereby. Not willing to be a party any longer to such questionable "business habits," we have found it necessary to refuse to hold monies unless we have the most undoubted proof that the event in question is a *bona fide* honest match, and intended so to be to the end. It is time that a reform took place in Ring matters if the pugs desire to come into public favor. An honest defeat never lessens a man in the good opinion of his friends; but a victory gained by fraud cannot but end in the ruin of the victor. Those who profit by the fraud will detest the traitor, and he will eventually be scorned alike by friends and foes. No man will dare to trust him, and the prize he may have gained by his villany, will indeed have been dearly purchased. Pugilists are too apt to look at the present, instead of taking a peep into the future to ascertain what may be the results of their indiscretion, to use no harsher term. If the Prize Ring becomes an institution in this country, it must be by fair and honest dealing. Patrons of the Ring must not be picked out as pigeons to be plucked; but, on the contrary, must be protected, when at the ring side, by the pugs themselves. Prize fights must be decided by the merits of the men in contest, not by the stronger party and intimidation. And matches must be made—not to be broken at the will of a few knowing ones when the chances are against them—but to be carried through according to the very letter of the articles of agreement supposed to govern the event. Professional backers and match makers must be cast aside when their object is known to be the making of money by fraud. We have had enough of these things. If the facts could be ascertained, we have no doubt it would appear that the many arrests that have taken place of late years were brought about through information furnished by parties "in the ring," to serve some pecuniary or other purpose of their own. A reform is needed, and the sooner it is commenced, the better.

GYMNASIUM RECEPTION.—On the 30th of January, the fourth reception by the members of the Burnham Gymnasium for gentlemen, at Brooklyn, will take place, at No. 12 Boerum street, in that city. Exercises to commence at eight o'clock in the evening, and no gentleman to be admitted, unless accompanied by a lady. These re-unions do a great deal of good, by fostering an emulation both for physical and mental excellence.

"Joey Ross and his son George are asked for by a correspondent, signing himself G. K. They sang at Cartee's Lyceum in Philadelphia, about five years since.

ON TAMING.

For the past two or three weeks, Professor Rarey, the "American horse-tamer," as we are pleased to term him, has had things all his own way in this city and Brooklyn, in the matter of subjugating vicious and unmanagable horses. Mr. Rarey has had a fair field, and no mistake; a fairer field, in fact, than is generally allotted to showmen, or caterers for the public amusement. Everybody and everything has been Rarey. No one was allowed to speak disrespectfully or disparagingly, of "Mr. Rarey, the Great Horse Tamer." One benighted individual had the effrontery to ask Mr. Rarey how he managed to subdue "Cruiser," the "untamable Cruiser," the "man-killing Cruiser." For thus daring to seek information on the subject of "Cruiser," the daring and doubting questioner came within an ace of being "counted out," for the audience of the "practical lecturer" in question was so rarified as to even preclude the bare expression of a shadow of a doubt concerning Rarey's operations in Europe. Rarey, however, stated in reply to the gentleman's question, that he would explain the *modus operandi* of Cruiser's subjugation at a future lecture. This, we believe, he attempted to do, subsequently; but a more lame explanation we do not remember to have ever before listened to. In fact, it was just no explanation at all, and left us in doubt on many points we had hoped the lecturer would have cleared away; and we have since heard some persons express their doubts as to *our* Cruiser being the veritable Cruiser of English renown. Our "benighted friend," above alluded to, was right in his interogatory, and the audience were wrong in denying him a hearing. It is only by a free exercise of the rules of "catechism," that we can arrive at facts. Our "benighted friend" paid his dollar to see the show, and derive whatever information was to be gained from the lecture. He had a right to ask for information on doubtful points, and which points have not yet been satisfactorily solved.

To those before the curtain, the Rarey exhibitions look fair and above board. The "vicious animals" appear as vicious as the most skeptical could desire. The grooms play *their* parts as well as many actors, in other lines, play theirs, on the "off-nights." The "unmanagable horses" cut up their shindies just so long as the lecturer sees fit to parmit them. The "untamable beasts" finally succumb to the "force of circumstances," and in a little while they are "tamed all over." Now, we do not say that Mr. Rarey's "practical lectures" are not all they profess to be, but we *do* say that these exhibitions might be gotten up to order, and the outside public be none the wiser. Horses can be trained to almost anything. We have seen apparently "vicious horses" in a "fine phrenzy rolling;" kicking up their hind legs in a most disgraceful manner; snorting and bellowing like a mad bull; pitching and tossing, and "doing all manner of evil things;" and yet, at a word from their master, they would soften down, go and come at the motion of the hand, and lie down at the word. These things we have seen repeatedly, in a circus performance, and similar things we have seen at "practical lectures" on the subjugating process. We are not aware that any disinterested committees have "supervised" Mr. Rarey's exhibitions. The public take everything for granted, and as long as they are satisfied, the "Great Horse Tamer" will not be likely to invite a more critical examination.

While Mr. Rarey has his hands in on the taming process, we think it would be a highly judicious proceeding if he were to give us one "practical lecture" on the subjugation of "professional horse jockies." We have had a sight of Flora Temple, at Niblo's; now give us an evening with her competitors, Princess, George M. Patchen, Lancet, etc.; and when we have got through with these, bring on their several jockies, and while "taming *them* all over"—if so be such a thing is practicable—let the "practical lecturer" explain how those "Hippodrome trotting matches" were managed, how the public was humbugged, and how much the jockies and owners of the horses divided by the speculation. In this way, Mr. Rarey's horse-lectures might be turned to good account.

THE "BOY" IN ENGLAND.—By every foreign arrival, we have intelligence that the "Boy" is looked for in England again, to take another chance in the London P. R., for the Champion's Belt. Now, Heenan has no idea at present of making another trip Eastward, for the remembrance of the treatment he received on his last "excursion" is not easily obliterated. We have no doubt, however, that, if he could be assured by men of influence that he would be fairly dealt with, he would have no hesitation in making a match to fight the Infant, King, or any other aspirant for the Championship of England. But of this he has no assurance. Some of the London sporting papers persist in saying that Heenan dare not meet either Hurst or King; yet they have never once suggested that such a match might be fought in America. Come, gentlemen, screw your courage to the striking point, and send one of your champions over here. Turn about is fair play, you know; and King, having nothing on hand, might come here, and Heenan, we know, would accommodate him for almost any amount, large or small. Don't let it be said that you are only good at fighting when on your own soil. Brother Jonathan has set you an example of pluck which we hope to see you follow if you really do wish another "International Pugilistic Contest." Hurst, the big Infant, and present accidental Champion of England, dodges the question of a trip to America, by making a match to fight a small man at home. In the meantime safe, in his match with Mace, from matches with big men, he takes occasion now and then to give a fling at the Boy, at long distances; but never says the least thing about visiting "Banish at home." King, idle as he is, prefers to boast of his abilities through the papers, rather than give a practical illustration of his vaunted prowess in a trial with the Boy on American soil. Heenan was still in New Orleans at last accounts, and, it is said, contemplated entering into business in that city. In the meantime, if the pugs on the other side wish to communicate with him, they can send their missives to us, and we will see that they are delivered.

COCK FIGHTING.—The gentlemen who compose the Board of Police Commissioners do not look with favor upon cock fighting, if we may be allowed to judge from the hostile attitude they assumed last week in reference to a couple of mains that were to have been fought in the Harlem Lane and Bowery pits. It seems that unusual interest attached to the "main" to take place at the first named place, John Morrissey being a prominent party in the match; and, it is slyly hinted, several of our City Fathers had a slight investment at stake on the issue of the several battles, and upon the main at large. Some evil inclined persons even go so far as to insinuate that it was impossible to convene a quorum of the Board of Aldermen at the aforesaid time, owing to the prior claims which the cocking main had upon their attention. On this point, however, we have nothing to say. We are not going back on the City Fathers because they indulge in the sport of cock fighting. It is much better thus than that they should be engaged in fighting among themselves over the public goose. But we have a bone to pick with the Police Commissioners for spoiling sport. Now, candidly, we believe our brethren of the "Police Persuasion" are just as fond of a bit of sport as we are. We believe they enjoy a hand at "Old Sledge," can "go it alone" at "Euchre," and can do a "big thing" at Billiards, equal to the best of us; and we have an inkling that they would be the last men to "cut the ropes" at a prize fight. And this is why we are so surprised that they should "break the main" at Harlem Lane. To tell the truth, we have an idea that the Commissioners were somewhat envious of the fun about to be enjoyed by the City Fathers, and therefore they determined to have a "hand in" themselves, or "break a main." The result we all know. Retaliation will be sure to follow. The first sporting event in which the Commissioners may be interested, will be the signal for an onslaught by the Aldermen; and thus, owing to the bickerings between our "lawful sponsors," sporting matters will have a hard time of it. Cannot a "compromise" be effected? The Commissioners, being Republicans in politics, "concession" must come from them. Are they prepared to offer the olive branch, and 'conciliate" the Aldermen by repealing all laws against cock fighting? If so, the bull ring may be preserved. If not, the "Kilkenny Cat Fight" will count as nothing in future histories, when compared to the "Battle of the Board."

POULTRY BATTLE IN BOSTON.—A main of Cocks was fought in Boston on the 17th ult., New Bedford being pitted against Boston. Seven pair were shown, seven of which were weighed in and fought, Boston winning the first four battles. The main was therefore decided in favor of Boston. The match was for $100 a side on the main and $20 on each battle. Quite a number of sporting men from New Bedford, Hartford, Providence, and other places, were in attendance.

A GAY DAY ON THE ROAD.

Sunday last was one of the most lively sleighing days of the season, and everybody that could scare up anything in the equine line turned out for a day's sport. As is our wont, when not handling the ribbons, we took a position at the forks of the road, where the Eighth avenue and Bloomingdale road meet, to see to advantage the various turn-outs, as they moved along in a living panorama. This spot—and indeed all the hotels, from Jim Hegeman's to Ned Luff's—is crowded every Sunday with horse critics, and the various remarks and opinions on the passing equipages would fill a good-sized book; but we don't intend to trouble you with all they have to say, although to have a good word or jeer from any one of them goes a great way towards judging of the merits of the different animals. The weather was delightful, and Old Sol shone out gloriously, yet was courteous enough not to interfere with the well packed snow by going into a melting mood. As we said before, all New York was sleighing it—from the millionaire, with his blood stock of four in hand, to the drayman, with his "five-mile-an-hourer" and dry-goods box mounted on home-made runners—and all appeared in the height of enjoyment. Now, from the "hi-yahs" and "what yer 'bouts," it is plain a trial of speed is going on—and sure enough, a couple of bloods come fizzing past like a locomotive, neck and neck; but just as the grey is about passing the sorrel, the latter turns short and drives up to the hotel for a dust-washer, and thus saves himself from the ignominy of a "pass." These horse-coves are mighty jealous of their mustangs, and we've only to instance one of our prominent newspaper proprietors as a specimen—for anything on four legs that can give him the go by, is sure to be bought up the first opportunity, and at any price, by the owner of Bux and Lantern. A great fashion in these times is having horses clipped, which is done so slick, that it makes the animal look six years younger. There is only one man in these parts that understands the business, and him they designate 'Dick the Clipper," or rather he calls himself by that name. In a place where we occasionally make a visit, Dick is in the habit of coming, and the first intimation of his presence is a burly voice crying out:—"I'm Dick the Clipper, a regular Johnny Bull, and those that don't like it can go to 'ell: what'll ye drink, gen'lemen?" Dick uses nothing but a pair of scissors and a comb, and in a few hours so "transmogrifies" the horse that his owner hardly knows him. The operation has to be attended with care, the beast having to be wrapped in blankets, and kept within doors for three or four days. He gets from five to ten dollars a job, and while the season lasts, about two months in the year, makes lots of money. About twenty in a hundred on the road are thus "shaven and shorn," and they look perfect beauties. But to return to the sleighing; quite a hubbub is created by a big stage sleigh rumbling down the hill, and the four horses pulling for their life to get over the railroad track, but just as the loaded monster is half way over, snap goes the leader's chain, and in an instant the big thing is at anchor, for one of the leaders having seceded, causes the whole machinery to be thrown out of order, and then the fun commences. As the little clippers go flying past, each one has a wag-gish remark for the crowded vehicle, such as: "How deep is it?" "What time does the train go?" "Shall I tell Sarah Jane to keep the wittels warm, or will you have yur supper sent up?" "Hadn't I better send your footman?" "Any word for the old woman?" "When shall I tell 'em to expect you home?" and hundreds of other droll questions, creating great mirth and laughter to the bystanders. How long they remained at anchor we can't say, as they were in the same spot when we left. Politicians of all grades pass and repass, and the merry roundelay chimed by the bells seemed to laugh at hard times: at any rate, to see Bloomingdale Road on Sunday is a treat, for "everything is lovely and the goose hangs high." Amongst other notabilities we raise our chapeau to the noble Chief of the Fire Department, John Decker, who, accompanied by his lady, behind a superb pair of dark bays, sails stylishly along. Towards evening the merriment is increased, and jolly parties engage in song and chorus to make it still merrier, the ladies doing their share of vocalism, the burden of their wishes being to be in Dixie's Land, and there we beg to take leave of them, with the earnest belief that New Yorkers know how to enjoy themselves as well as anybody, if not better. *"Utile cum Dulce!"*

THE ECKFORD CLUB'S BALL.—On Tuesday night, 15th inst., the Odeon, in Brooklyn, was the scene of a most brilliant festive gathering; the occasion being the second annual invitation ball of the famed Eckford Base Ball Club. The hall was elegantly and profusely decorated with an abundance of bunting, and a liberal allowance of our national standards. In addition, the colors of the following base ball clubs occupied prominent positions on the ball room walls:—Atlantic, Excelsior, Putnam, Enterprise, Continental and Brooklyn, of Brooklyn; Knickerbocker, Gotham, Empire, Harlem, Eagle and Jefferson, of New York. The hall was filled with a numerous assemblage, a large proportion being the fair friends of the Club. Dancing was kept up with great animation and spirit until "daylight did appear;" and the Eckford's second annual soiree will be long and happily remembered by all who had the good fortune to enjoy its delights. The principal Clubs of New York and Brooklyn were liberally represented, nearly every one of them having several members present. Frank Pidgeon, the veteran captain of the Eckfords, officiated at the head of the floor managers in regular Parisian style; his assistants were D. J. McAuslan, E. N. Orr, W. Beach, J. J. Grum, W. A. Brown and R. Ketchum, who were untiring in their efforts to please, and add to every enjoyment throughout the evening. It affords us sincere pleasure to chronicle the entire and perfect success of the Eckford's second annual reunion; and we hope that the Club and their "troops of friends" will long live to arrange and indulge in the joys of many similar festive occasions.

COCKING IN NEW YORK.—On Monday, the 21st ult., a main of cocks, consisting of 21 birds on each side, was to have been fought at Luff's, corner of 110th street and Sixth Avenue, between the Troy Reds and New York Greys, to weigh from 4 lbs. 6 oz. to 6 lbs., for $50 each battle and $500 on the odd fight. Morrissey backed the former, and rumor hath it that Alderman Genet was the backer of the latter. Nineteen birds fell in, and at about 2 o'clock P. M., all hands adjourned to the cock pit, situated in a building detached from the hotel. Morrissey soon appeared in the pit, and announced that some of his Troy birds were sick, and he feared they would not make a good fight. A jocular Alderman in "the gallery," evidently anticipating a disappointment, remarked that the escape of "sick birds was about played out." Morrissey replied that in this instance the statement was a fact, and that in consequence of their sickness he had been allowed to "draw" his outside bets, amounting to nearly $3,000; otherwise he would have paid forfeit, and there would have been no fight. Some few bets were then made on the six-pound birds about to be introduced, the odds being about 7 to 5, Morrissey's birds being at a discount.

Hostilities were about to commence, when considerable commotion occurred at the door, the reason of which was soon solved, by the unwelcome appearance of Capt. Porter of the Twelfth Ward police, who, by the direction of Capt. Carpenter, had come to put a stop to the sport. After a parley with Morrissey and one or two of those most interested, the Capt. mounted the rostrum (cock-pit) and in a very polite manner, made the following announcement:—

"GENTLEMEN: I am exceedingly sorry to disturb you in your amusements, but I am authorized to state to you that there will be no cock-fighting here to day. The match announced to take place will not be allowed to proceed."

As might be supposed, a stampede for the door ensued, although but few neglected to get their three dollars returned, which they had invested, for their tickets of admission. A prospect of resuming the sport, after the Captain had departed, was discussed, but it was no go, as he announced his determination of "seeing the thing out." We were afterwards informed, however, that the Captain let up a little in his vigilance, that he was circumvented by the b'hoys, and that the main was fought during Monday night, and the feathered warriors prolonged their attack and defence until dawn on Tuesday. The amount of "spondulicks" decided as won and lost on the event is said to have been large. Whether the main did actually take place, as stated by our informant, we are not enabled to assert positively, neither has the winner of the main been made publicly known, the reasons for which are obvious. If the affair was brought to a climax, the Alderman's assertion that "sick birds was about played out" was, in our opinion, pretty near the mark. It is this sort of jugglery that makes all kind of sports, got up as this main evidently was, for gambling purposes, and, as we state in our remarks on prize fighting, to fleece the unwary, so unpopular.

CASTING OF A MONSTER GUN.—From the *Pittsburgh Chronicle* of the 23d ult., we learn that another monster gun was cast at Fort Pitt works on the previous afternoon. The "Floyd," the heaviest piece of ordnance, we believe, that the world has ever seen, was 15 inches bore and 49 inches in diameter at the breech. Its weight in rough was 78,000 pounds, and when finished, about 49,000. The gun cast on the 23d has a twelve-inch bore, and the same exterior diameter as the "Floyd," while it is six inches longer, and will weigh, when finished, 25 tons. The casting of the gun was marked by the most complete success. The furnaces were tapped at 12½, and 24 minutes later the mould was filled and the casting complete. The total amount of metal used in the "run" was 78,100 pounds. The new gun will be named "Union," and will, it is believed, throw a ball over six miles. It was cast on the hollow principle, and under the supervision of Mr. Kaye, foreman of the works.

SKATING.

THE CENTRAL PARK SKATING CARNIVAL.

190,000 VISITORS IN THREE DAYS!

During the former part of last week, grand times were experienced by the vast army of skaters of this city, and the various ponds of the Central Park were patronized to an extent that was truly wonderful. On Monday, notwithstanding the ball was not up, by nine o'clock P. M., 55 000 pedestrians, 90 equestrians, and 1,750 vehicles had passed through the Park gates, to the scene of action. On Tuesday, these numbers were increased by several thousands, the returns being at the conclusion of the sport, pedestrians 60,000, vehicles, 1,750, equestrians, 85. On Wednesday a further increase of visitors occurred, the estimated number at the close of skating being pedestrians 70 000, vehicles 3.000, equestrians 110. On each day some 5,000 females were present, adding picturesqueness to the scene, and jollity to the sport, and we might remark, that the portion of the pond set apart for their especial benefit, was far more attractive to the mere looker on, than the "male department." Several of these ladies were elegant skaters, and the handsome gothic wooden bridge—No. 5—was crowded with spectators watching the motions of the ladies on the ice beneath. Many of these fair creatures were on the ice as early as ten o'clock A. M., and stayed till very late at night.

On Tuesday evening, Prof. Grant turned darkness into light with his calcium illuminators, which proved not only a pleasure to all, but the salvation of very many from unexpected cold water baths, as dangerous localities were, by their instrumentality, easily seen, and, therefore, shunned. A calcium light was placed at each end of the upper pond, which disposition caused the light of one to cross the shadow of the other and destroy it. Kiosks eighteen feet high have been built for sheltering these lamps. The style of the architecture is Gothic, surmounted by a flag staff. The effect of the lights was good and successful, and if one more lamp was introduced, so as completely to light up the ladies' pond, nothing better could be desired. By placing a light on each of the following places, viz:—the Circle, the western hill, (the rays pointed northeasterly) and on the hill east of the ladies' pond (the rays striking upon the ladies' refreshment booth), the whole of this part of the pond would be illuminated. It might be tried as an experiment. One thing is certain, the moonlight is nowhere when the calcium is lit up; and the danger lanterns and Radford's Japanese illuminations looked "mighty glum." Nearly twenty thousand people enjoyed skating by this light, and loudly expressed their satisfaction.

When the calciums are to be used, the following notice board appears during the day—"The ice will be lighted this evening." Another notice board states—"Skating will be permitted until half past ten this night. The Park will close and the ice be occupied for cleaning at eleven P. M."

On Wednesday, two famous skaters, Fuller of New Haven, and Engler of New Jersey, were the "observed of all observers" as they cut fantastical capers and pigeon wings, in a friendly contest for superiority. They were compelled to desist after a while, however, owing to so many being attracted to their immediate vicinity, that danger of going through was imminent. The snow storm on Thursday, put an end to the skating frolic, and sleighs soon became more in demand than skates.

ACCIDENTS WHILE SKATING AT THE CENTRAL PARK.—Mr. Frank Winchester, of this city, was on the 22d ult., thrown violently off his feet by persons skating too swiftly behind him. He fell with great force on his left arm, breaking two of the bones above the wrist, each in three places, making a serious compound fracture. The sufferer was taken into Radford's tent where the limb was set; Mr. R. gratuitously supplying bandages, &c. Mr. Alexander Archer, of Norwich, Conn., was also thrown down in like manner, breaking the radius bone close to the wrist joint. Dr. Sayre, who happened to be present, in both cases set the limb without taking pay for the operation. A lady was struck on the left foot by one of the skating chairs, and received an ugly wound. Several persons got a gratuitous bath, much to their annoyance. One man was looking over the dividing fence at the ladies, when he suddenly disappeared from view. The crowd that usually gather on this spot also disappeared when they found it so dangerous.

We severely condemn the practice of unnecessarily swift skating and propelling of chairs when the ice is so crowded. Also the use of long and sharp pointed skates. One gentleman, a few days since, had the point of one of the latter kind of skates driven an inch or even more into his thigh, and is now seriously ill therefrom. Skating societies prohibit the use of such skates, and why not the Central Park? If a person should fall, and a skater following with such skates should strike the prostrate person in the spine or face, some very serious result might ensue.

SKATING AT JERSEY CITY.—The citizens of that locality, like their brethren of New York, also had a grand time all round on the sliding irons until the snow storm on Thursday last, put an end thereto. York Bay, between the Jersey City Yacht Club House and Communipaw, was frozen over, and presented a vast surface of hundreds of acres of excellent ice. The Warren street pond, which is 400 feet in length by 200 wide, was flooded on Wednesday forenoon, and was in excellent condition.

THE SKATING POND AT BROOKLYN.—The skating pond on Fifth near Third avenue, was inaugurated on Tuesday by the Brooklyn Skating Club. A band of music was in attendance, and several thousand persons were present enjoying themselves. On Wednesday the pond was full of skaters, arrangements having been made to keep it in order by flooding. Those who desire to indulge in the invigorating exercise of skating can have the opportunity at all times when the weather permits. It is in contemplation to introduce base ball games on the ice. A match will probably soon be arranged between some of the numerous clubs abounding in that city,

CRICKET.

AVERAGES OF THE CHELSEA CRICKET CLUB OF BOSTON.—This club has a good reputation "down east" for their enthusiasm for the game of Cricket, as well as their ability to play it. They played four first class matches last season, of which they won their fair share—half; and they threaten to play more and win more during the season of 1861, the prospect being, that they will turn out strong next April. We append the averages alluded to in the caption:—

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings.	Runs.	Average and Over.	Highest Score in one Inn'g.	Highest Score in a Match.	Times Not Out.
Andrews	2	6	3.0	5	6	0
Barnes	6	4	0.4	2	3	1
Crockford	2	21	10.1	11	21	0
Coburn	5	9	1.4	3	4	0
Davidson	2	1	0 1	1	1	1
Field	2	0	0.0	0	0	0
Hills, F	5	24	4.4	9	14	0
Hills, C	5	7	1.2	7	7	0
Kimball, H	5	11	2.1	3	6	1
Jackson	7	17	2.3	6	6	1
Kimball, F	2	3	1.1	2	3	1
Low	2	0	0.0	0	0	1
Merriam	7	34	4.6	11	14	0
Osgood, G	2	1	0 1	1	1	0
Osgood, J	2	0	0.0	0	0	1
Perez	3	49	16.1	38	38	0
Ranlett	7	98	13.3	41	45	0
Steward	5	74	14.4	29	35	0
Sanderson	5	11	2.1	7	7	0

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Names	Balls.	Runs.	Maids.	Wickets.	Average and Over.	Wides.
Ranlett	506	94	40	25	3.19	48
Steward	227	105	2	21	5.0	1
Hills, F	296	134	9	22	6.2	0
Hills, C	6	8	0	2	4.0	0
Crockford	24	11	0	1	11.0	0

CHIPPEWA CRICKET CLUB ELECTION.—At a recent meeting of this Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, the following gentlemen were elected as the officers for the ensuing season: President, I. Hurley; Vice President, Wm. Rehn; Secretary, P. Costello; Treasurer, Mr. E Darcy. This club would have no objection to playing a match with the following-named clubs, some time during the ensuing season: 2d Eleven of Southwark; 2d Eleven All United, Oxford or Chockasink. All communications to be addressed to P. F. Donaghue, N. E corner Tenth and Master streets, Philadelphia.

CHANGED HANDS.—It is stated on the best authority, that Bettie Ward has just passed into the stable of Henry B. Foley, Esq., at a very large figure. Bettie is a Lexington filly of the most beautiful form, displaying at every point the requisites of a high toned racer. At the opening of the past meeting over the Metairie, she stood high in the estimation of the *lancers;* but her defeat by Lightning on the three mile day, and her being distanced the second heat for the two-mile purse on the last day of the meeting, robbed her of all celebrity in the mind of the many. In the second heat of the three-mile race, in the mud, her saddle slipped up on her neck at the start—and yet she ran a close race. The filly was not herself during this meeting. She was too low; she exhibited great poverty of strength—not of game or foot. Let her be but well-fleshed during the next three months, and then gradually hardened for the ring, and it is thought that at the spring meeting she will win a dashing reputation at any distance.

DANCING CHALLENGE REPLIED TO.—S. S. Rankin & Co., in answer to the challenge of Dad Dewese's friends to back him against Carter, will accept the banter for $50 or $100. The acceptance sent us is dated from the "American Coliseum," and signed S. S. Rankin & Co.

CHALLENGE.—we learn from the Scranton, Pa., *Daily News*, that Mr R. Snipley has challenged any one to shoot a pigeon match with him, after the 15th of January, from single or double trap, for $100 a side.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-51*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 45-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48 tf

FREE AND EASY, every Wednesday and Saturday evening, at the QUOIT SHADES, 273 Spring street, where the refreshments are of the very best quality every day in the week. 42

JEMMY MASSEY'S HOUSE in the Bowery, from which he fled to escape from the clutches of the myrmidons of the law, has been secured by Harry Gribben, as a place of business. The "house warming" takes place on Wednesday evening, Jan 30, when good times will be experienced, without a doubt. The disciples of the P. R. will, we hope, rally around Harry, and support him in his new undertaking.

LAZARUS AND MORTON.—Since the acceptance of Morton's *defi.* by Harry was published by us, we have heard nothing further in reference to the *emeute* between them. It begins to look a little as though it might be a fizzle. We hope they have not been making talk, just merely for the sake of getting up "benefits" on the strength thereof.

REPLY TO AUSTRALIAN JACKSON.—In reply to Jackson's *defi.* in last week's CLIPPER, Hughey McLain has called upon us, and states that he will fight him (Jackson) for the highest amount named, $300 a side, at catch weight, in one month from signing of articles. The match can be "on" at once, by Jackson calling at Jim Reed's 174 South street, between the hours of 7 and 8 P. M. on Tuesday, 29th of January, with $25 as a first deposit, when and where articles can be drawn up and signed.

WILL FIGHT.—Having heard that Louis F. Francis says he can fight me for money, I will fight him for from fifty to one hundred dollars a side. Man and money to be found at No. 6 Mason street, Boston. Jan. 22. BILLY FAY.

THE RING IN GALVESTON, TEXAS.—We are informed by a correspondent that they were to have had a little sport in the 24 feet arena, between James Burns and Thomas Seymour who were to try their mettle on the 31st inst, under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.—JAMES BURNS and THOMAS SEYMOUR.—This is to certify that I. James Burns, do agree to fight Thomas Seymour in a 24 feet roped ring, in strict accordance with the New Rules of the London Prize Ring, on Thursday, the 31st day of January, 1861 between the hours of eleven o'clock, A. M., and two o'clock, P. M., for the sum of one hundred dollars, two thirds of the boat or car money to go to the winning man, and the other third part to go to the losing man. The Deposits to be made as follows:—Thirty dollars to be deposited on the 16th, thirty dollars on the 23d, thirty dollars on the 30th, and the ten dollars already deposited, making the total, one hundred dollars. And we hereby agree that Mr. Henry Bennett be final stakeholder in this engagement, the stake money to be given to the man receiving the referee's decision of having won it fairly and honorably, according to the agreement. Either parties failing in the deposits shall forfeit the money in the stakeholder's hand. Each party on the night of the last deposit shall select a man, they to choose the ground of fighting by toss, to be outside the County of Galveston. Either party failing to be in the ring between the hours of eleven, A. M., and two, P. M, shall forfeit the money deposited, or battle money.

Signed.—THOMAS SEYMOUR.
JAMES BURNS.

Witnesses—MARTIN A. DAVEY,
WILLIAM HOLMS.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION was given at Unionville, Pa., on the 19th ult, by Wm Porter, in which he was assisted by Dergen and several amateurs. The final set-to was between Prof. Dergen and Porter. The exhibition was, we are informed, quite a success, and satisfactory to the spectators.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE.—Recently, near Toronto, C. W., a contest came off between Henry Wray (known in those parts as the Revere House Infant) and two other "professionals," named Murphy Maguire and Morris James, respectively. The field of "operation" was between the city of Toronto and the village of Weston—the distance being ten miles, and the purse to be given to the winner, $50. The start was from the Revere House corner, at exactly a quarter-past ten in the forenoon. The "Infant" soon took the lead; two to one being freely offered on him, in accordance with his previous performances. The pace of the three men was very rapid for a time, with Wray about twenty yards in advance, scarcely a yard intervening between the others. The latter, however, continued to narrow the gap that divided them from the "Infant," and eventually did so by two yards, when Wray exhibited signs of distress, limping and also suffering from a pain in the groin. Maguire and James continued neck and neck together. All the while the chances of the "Infant's" success were getting less, although two to one were still offered on his side. By and by his symptoms of distress increased, the trio being about two miles from the village. On the termination of the ninth mile, only a trifling difference separated them. After this it was evident that Wray was losing; and when within a quarter of a mile of the winning post he was upwards of two yards behind, Maguire leading. When the post was reached the "Infant" was four yards behind, James having the second place. Maguire was accordingly declared the winner, considerably to the annoyance of Wray and his friends who had bet much on the issue prior to the start. The time occupied was 2 hours 16 minutes. Doubtless, the record would have shown better had the track not been in a very slippery condition, and the wind (which blew in the men's faces most of the time they were engaged in the contest) less boisterous. Several of the sports of the neighborhood were present in their sleighs.

PEDESTRIAN AND PRESIDENTIAL.—We learn from the Hartford, Con., *Courant* that a gentleman named Edward Payson Weston recently walked from Hartford to New Haven and back in thirty seven hours. But a task of greater difficulty is before him—no less than the walking from Boston to Washington in ten days. The circumstances connected with the latter feat are thus given:—"In conversation with a Mr. Eddy at Worcester, last summer, that gentleman said to Mr Weston that if Lincoln was not elected he would be willing to walk from Boston to Washington. Mr. Weston said he would do it if Lincoln was elected by the people—which Mr. Weston did not then believe would be the case. To use his own words, 'since he was fool enough to make the agreement, he will be man enough to fulfill it.' The distance is 470 miles, and the contract makes it incumbent on Mr. Weston to perform the journey in ten days, and his arrival at the inauguration. He will leave the State House, in Boston, at noon on the 22d day of February, and will be obliged to walk 47 miles each day until he reaches the capitol. A man is to accompany him in a carriage to see that he fulfills his agreement and take care of him. Another precedes him to secure victualing and resting places."

THE ONE HUNDRED HOUR FEAT.—Jack Sheppard, the pedestrian, and trainer of Morrissey for his fight with Heenan, finished at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 19th ult., the feat of walking one hundred consecutive hours without rest or sleep, at Temperance Hall, Indianapolis, on a platform thirty feet long and four feet wide. The attendance on Wednesday and Thursday was rather slim, but on the last two days the hall was crowded. He seemed very much fatigued on Friday evening, but towards the last he revived, and his friends offered to bet he could walk four hours longer, or even till morning; but as no one accepted, the crowd gave three cheers for Jack Sheppard and dispersed.

CURLING IN PHILADELPHIA.—A couple of scratch games came off in that city, within the last few weeks. Game No. 1 was a challenge from Mr. Wm. Anderson, of the Philadelphia Club, to Mr. James Laurie of Keystone. First 21 for a dish of Curlers' Fare. The parties met at Camac's Woods, and both players and their skips showed they had long since learned how to "loick a boar," or "chip a *winner*." The following is the result:—Mr. Laurie (skipped by J H Johnston) 21 shots; Mr. Anderson (skipped by Wm. Flemming) 12 shots. Daylight still lingering on the western horizon, and the men eager for the fray, agreed to play. First six, result, Laurie 7, Anderson 0.

The parties with their friends then retired to Sandy Kies' Camac Hotel, where they spent a very pleasant evening at Mr. Anderson's expense.

Game No. 2 on January 14th, was arranged while the Keystone Club was enjoying a quiet game on Mayland Mill Dam, when Mr. Laurie strolled in amongst them. Friendly greetings having been exchanged, Mr. Laurie called out "the *best* man in the Club for curlers' fare, or what you will." Mr. Thomas Lamond was chosen, under the generalship of Mr. James Smith, the venerable president of the Club, to "cow the cady." Mr. Johnston, above named, was on hand and threw up hat and besom with a cheer for the Wigton Pet. The rink is cleared, Lamond wins the ice but not the end. The stones flew fast and furious, the excitement is intense. This was the most exciting game ever played in or near the Quaker City. In the excitement one or two stones got burned*. As in the former game, much skill and science was displayed, with the following result:—Laurie, 11 shots (10 was the number required); Lamond, 7. Our informant, Alex Craig, gives vent in his remarks to the following exclamation: "Hurrah! for the west (west of Scotland), go in Wigton! your auld friends from the Bogs o' Doon will never desert you, but skip till you're tired and play for you then."

*Burned, means a stone touched or moved while running, or after it has settled, by any one's foot, broom, &c., &c.

THE TRIGGER.

THE TRIGGER AND OTHER MATTERS IN OLD BERKS.—City of Reading, Pa., January 25, 1861. FRIEND QUEEN: My opinion is that if Brother Shipley had directed his challenge for 16th inst.,—this issue—to your paper in the first instance, he would ere this have met with an acceptance. With this brief preliminary, I will now proceed to record what has happened in this neighborhood. On Monday, afternoon, the 21st ult., a slight sprinkling of trigger notabilities met at Neidly's, for the purpose of testing their skill by shooting at a target, for a mammoth gobbler, which was not disposed of, whether owing to the deficiency of shooters or lack of dimes we cannot say. Some asserted that the gobbler was too large; whilst others whispered the price ($7 00). However, matters remained *in statu quo;* when a friendly proposition was made by that prince of sports "Old Nick," to have a small pop at pigeons, which was agreed to, when the following display took place. The conditions were to shoot for the "smiles" of the shooters and a few chosen ones; each to shoot at five birds, from ground trap, 21 yds. rise, 80 yds. fall, 1¼ oz. shot, one trapper, the birds to be paid for individually. Annexed is a summary:—

Jno Pfleger	1 0 1 0 0	2 out of 5
C. Lichtenthaeler	1 1 1 1 1	5 "
Nicholas Buckhart	1 0 1 1 1	4 "

Jno P.'s 4th and 5th bad y shot, fell within bounds, but driven out by several unruly scouters.

ANOTHER Pop came off on Wednesday afternoon, the 23d inst., at the same place, for a wild turkey, valued at $4 00, which was warmly contested. The conditions were to shoot at 5 birds each, from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1¼ oz. shot, one trapper. The following is a summary:—

N. Buckhart	11101—4	James Pfleger	01100—2
Jas Pfleger (by proxy)	00101—2	John Pfleger	11011—4
H. Gossler	11011—4	O. Koch	01111—4
C. Neidly	10011—3		

Fourth and fifth badly shot, perched within bounds, but failed in gathering; consequently fluttered out—thus resulting in four ties, which were mutually agreed to be shot at 3 birds each, viz.:—

N. Buckhart	1 1 1—3	Jno Pfleger	0 —0
O. Koch	1 0 —1	H. Gossler	0 0 —0

N. Buckhart, alias "Old Nick," was hailed the winner of this well contested match, amidst the hearty applause of all hands. From his heretofore glorious exploits at the trap as a marksman, and his gentlemanly demeanor as a true sportsman, he has gained for himself the proud appellation of "Old Napoleon of Spruce Ward," for which he may well be proud; also of carrying off the palm of victory, i. e., the wild gobbler, which he intends having "done brown," with other fixin's, on Jan the 30th, pending the raffle for the fat steer, double barrelled gun, and watch referred to in my last letter. These inducements are well worthy the attendance of visitors, and characteristic of our "friend and pitcher" of Spruce Ward Restaurant. REFLECTOR.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From The Sporting Life, January 9.

January 12.—T. Buxton, of Dudley Port, and J. Lancaster, of Wolverhampton; £10 a side, catch weight. Midland district.
15.—Reardon and Shipp; £50 a side, Bristol.
15.—T. Davis, of Edge Hill, and J. Horne; £10 a side, at catch weight. Liverpool district.
19.—C Guest and W. Newby; £5 a side, at catch weight. Within twenty miles of Birmingham.
22.—Fox and Morris; £10 a side, Birmingham.
28.—R Jones and E Long; £10 a side, Manchester.
29.—Lawson and Wilcox; £25 a side, Liverpool.
April 30.—Bob Travers and Bodger Crutchley; £50 a side, at 10 stone. Home circuit.
June —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—SAM HURST, JEM MACE, TOM KING, &c

The next deposit for the forthcoming mill for the Championship between Sam Hurst, of Staleybridge, and Jem Mace, of Norwich, is fixed to take place on Feb. 7th, at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell lane, Shoreditch. At present the affair causes but little stir amongst the fancy, the knowing division of the metropolitans stating their opinion that Hurst, in consequence of his great bulk, will not have his leg sound enough to stand sufficient work to allow him to enter the ring in condition fit to contend with such an active opponent as the renowned Jem. We are, however, in possession of facts which enable us to state that Hurst was present at a gathering at the Snipe Inn, Audenshaw, and although he appeared with his supporters (crutches), still we are assured that they are not indispensable. Jem Mace is still attending to business, and expresses his anxiety for the 7th of February to arrive, so that he may be certain whether the present match for the Championship is on or off, and his fears incline towards the latter point of view. It will be seen in our list of challenges that the rising aspirant, Tom King, has sent forth a challenge to any one, bar none, for £100 or £200 a side, thus giving an opportunity to any candidate for a chance to have a shy at the holder of the belt. By the last advices we have received from New York, there does not appear to be any disposition on the part of Heenan or his party to put forward any claim to another struggle for the "Championship of the World." The reports spread abroad that the American had not had fair play appearing to gain ground, and apparently there is no chance of their falling to the ground, as in every sporting publication in the States, Heenan is declared to have virtually won the battle. Without entering further into the matter, we can only say that in our account of the fight we gave a true and full narrative of matters as they took place, and we certainly did not see that Sayers was "whipped to a standstill" on that eventful 17th of April, 1860. We are sorry to see the light in which the conduct and opinions of the referee are looked upon in the States; but we think, in justice to both parties, the decision and policy of that gentleman were perfectly fair, and strictly in accordance with the rules of the P. R.

GALLANT MILL, IN NORTH WALES, BETWEEN CHARLEY JONES AND TOM JONES, FOR £10.—On Thursday, Jan. 3d, a first-rate encounter, for £5 a side, took place at Rhosnessney, near Wrexham, North Wales, between Charley Jones and Tom Jones. Charley Jones was seconded by Hughes and a friend, and Tom Jones by Bob Cookoo and Tom Clarke. The mill was very exciting, and a great deal of money was speculated on the fight, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, during which time forty-two rounds were fought, when the "blues" put in an appearance, and a fresh scene of action was sought for, but the police followed, and eventually the stakes were drawn. The battle during the time it had lasted was entirely in favor of Charley Jones, the referee stating his opinion that he would have won the battle in another ten minutes.

MILL IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.—BOTH OF THE MEN ARRESTED.—COWLISHAW AND BRAMLEY, OF DERBY.—On Monday, Jan. 7th, the fight between Cowlishaw and Bramley, for £15 a side, at 8st 2lb, was fixed to come off according to articles within thirty miles of Derby, near Stretton; and an early hour in the morning having been fixed for the departure, the scene of action, near Stretton, about eighteen miles from Derby, was reached before the "marplots" were abroad. No time was lost in settling the preliminaries, and both men soon entered the ring, Cowlishaw attended by Joe Wareham and Haden, and Bramley seconded by Farr Collins. Bramley took the lead for the first eight or ten rounds, but his spikes giving way, and himself getting weaker, Cowlishaw made a turn in his favor, and at the end of fifty minutes, during which thirty-two rounds had been gallantly fought, so helpless had Bramley become from the effects of the cold, that the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat. Cowlishaw, although the victor, looks decidedly the most punished. The fight was concluded without any disturbance from the authorities, but on the arrival of the combatants at Stretton Station, both were arrested, and had to appear before the authorities on the 8th inst., full particulars of which will appear in our next impression.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A THREE MILE RACE between H Howard of Brighton and E. Mills of London came off on January the 9th, at Mr. Winnifrith's Cricket Ground, Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, for £10 a side. By three o'clock there were between 500 and 600 persons assembled, but little or no betting took place, Howard having injured his knee during his training. Soon after three the men came on the ground, attended by their respective friends and partizans, and Mr. Wells being mutually agreed upon to act as referee, the office to go was given. Upon getting the word, Howard dashed away with the lead at a good pace, closely waited upon by Mills, who in the fourth lap (five to the mile) went up to Howard's shoulder, but could not succeed in passing him; in the sixth, however, he went to the front, and from this point of the race up to the fourteenth lap they alternately held the lead, though only by a few yards. Here, however, Mills dashed ahead, and soon placed a gap of 10 or 12 yards between him and his opponent, but Howard, nothing daunted, stuck to his work, and at the commencement of the last lap succeeded in wresting the lead from Mills, but want of condition told upon him, and about 30 yards from home Mills again passed him, and won rather easily by three yards. Time, 16min 25sec.

FOOT RACE FOR £20.—On the afternoon of Jan 5, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, a strong muster of the lovers of pedestrianism met in the Victoria running grounds, Newcastle, to witness the race between Brady, of South Shore, and Bell, of Felling. The distance was one mile, and for twenty pounds. On account of the clever manner in which Bell defeated Hardcastle over the same distance on New Years' Day, his friends on this race were very sanguine—betting 3 to 1 in his favor. Brady's friends were not altogether inactive, and considered that Bell's previous performance could scarcely justify the long odds offered, and consequently several took up the three to one's. When the men appeared upon the ground each was scanned narrowly by his supporters, and appeared in very fit trim, although hints were thrown out that Bell had not thoroughly recovered from a slight accident he received lately. But now his backers threw that overboard, the odds justifying their confidence. After they had been at the scratch a short time, the words "they're off" were heard, and away they went at a capital pace. After they had run a short distance, Brady took a decided lead, and in the first lap still showed in advance. The second lap was well contested, and at the finish, Bell, who had been lying close up, came with a rush, and succeeded in wrenching the lead from his opponent. The race now became very exciting—each competitor being cheered by his backers. The third lap was contested with unabated vigor—Bell still keeping the lead. After they had run a short distance in the last lap, Brady began to pick up, and amidst great cheering he once more showed in front. Bell tried hard for premiership, but Brady seemed equally determined, and after one of the best contested races ever run on those grounds, Brady came in a winner by about 5 yards. Mr. J. Bagnall was stakeholder and referee.

A CRICKET MATCH ON THE ICE.

A match was played at Enfield Lock the 5th January, between two elevens of the Royal Small Arms' Factory Club. Great interest was caused in this match on account of the novelty of the game at this season of the year, it being played on the ice, and the whole of the players having skates on, caused some hundreds of spectators to assemble and witness this truly interesting match. Great sport was anticipated by the spectators in seeing the players turn up their heels on the ice, and in this they were not disappointed, the batsmen being chiefly the persons who gratified their expectations. They often being too anxious for a good hit at the slow bowling, and no doubt forgetting that they were on ice instead of the green sward, often caused them to put their head where their heels ought to be; but notwithstanding, the game passed off without any accident, to the gratification of all present, who were highly amused with the treat afforded them, and although the second innings was played in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, they stood to their posts until darkness put an end to the play. The match was played on a large marsh, seventy acres in extent, which was flooded by the late thaw, and then frozen over, and produced a fine piece of ice for the match. The slightest bit, if not stopped, often caused a hundred yards race by the fielders after the ball, and several times as many as eight runs were obtained for one hit.

The sides were chosen by Messrs. Dean and Duce; and upon the umpires calling "play," Mr. Duce having won the choice, sent to the wickets Mr Crouch and Packer, to the bowling of Mr. Dean and C. Duce. The first ball being delivered to Mr. Crouch, he gave the fielders a fine race, obtaining eight runs for his first hit and five for his second, he winning the Leger of the day, scoreing thirty-one runs, when he was bowled by Mr. C. Duce; most of the other players getting into double figures, and ending their innings with 138 runs to their score. No time was lost between the innings, Mr. Dean and C. Duce immediately taking the willow to the bowling of Mr. J. Duce and Packer, when Mr. Duce after scoring 5, was unfortunately run out, but by the time darkness put an end to the play Mr Dean's side had succeeded in obtaining 125 runs, with two wickets to go down, against the score of 138 of their opponents.

MR. J. DUCE'S SIDE.		MR. DEAN'S SIDE.	
J Duce b Dean	13	Dean not out	26
Crouch b C Duce	31	C Duce run out	5
Keay b Reed	13	Reed b J Duce	25
W Duce b C Duce	10	Clements b J Duce	19
Packer b Dean	11	Beech b Keay	4
Hedgetts b C Duce	0	Parkes b Packer	3
Barnes b Dean	11	Pigg run out	4
Johnson not out	17	Harris b Crouch	10
Revelly run out	10	Flavil b Keay	14
Walker b Duce	5	Kemp not out	10
Sills b Dean	1	Perry	0
Byes 15, wide 1	16	Byes	5
Total	138	Total	125

BILLIARDS.

According to agreement, Messrs. Rowley and Handley played a match at billiards of 1,000 up, for £20, Mr. Handley giving 200 points in advance, on January 5 h, at the Equestrian Tavern, Blackfriar's Road. The room was densely crowded, the spectators consisting principally of some leading bookmakers in the metropolis, who freely offered odds on Mr. Handley. Shortly after the time fixed the play commenced, and Mr. H., for the first half of the game, gained rapidly on Mr. Rowley, the indicator showing the latter to be 500 to the former's 361, and when Mr. H was 500 Mr. R. was 580. According to agreement the match was then stopped for refreshment. On renewing the contest, Mr. Handley continued to gain so rapidly that at the conclusion of the next hundred the game stood: Mr. Rowley 700 to Mr. Handley's 689, and offers to lay 5 to 1 on Mr. Handley were freely offered, which, in a few instances, were accepted by some of the talent, who looked at the investment as good *hedging*. From this point in the match Mr. Rowley gained rapidly, altering the score at almost every shot, and astonishing those who had bet against him by the precision with which he made his strokes, the winning hazards in particular, as well as the plucky and determined manner in which he contested the event after Mr. Handley had so nearly caught him. At the conclusion of the 800 the marker called Mr. R. 802, and Mr. H. 768, the former leading by 34. During the next hundred Mr. Rowley had increased his lead to 59, the game being Mr. R 900 and Mr. H 841. In the play, while the last hundred was being competed, Mr. R added 10 more to his lead, the game being at one time, Mr. R. 970, and Mr. H 901, the former having a lead of 69. At this stage of affairs the backers of Mr. Handley looked unutterable things, when, to their surprise, he began to score rapidly, making some surprising and dashing winning hazards, and the manner in which he gained led the *forlorn hope* to think they had a chance of victory, but they were doomed to disappointment, for, notwithstanding the good play "pulled out" by Mr. Handley, his opponent scored 1,000 (the game) to Mr. H.'s 935, amidst the congratulations of his backers and takers of the odds, who were anything but comfortable during the latter portion of the contest. There were no very long scores during the game, the highest being 23 by Mr. Handley, during the third hundred, the longest made by Mr. Rowley being 17, but breaks of 15 and 16 were of frequent occurrence.

A GREAT BOWLING MATCH FOR £20, between J. Sample, of Ouseburn, with a 35 oz bowl, and I. Mordue, of Killingworth, with a 40 oz bowl; Mordue thus giving his opponent 5 oz, came off on the 8th of January at Newcastle. Taking into consideration the age of Sample, who is 39 years old, and Mordue only 24, the preponderance seems very much in favor of the "young 'un." Sample, we believe, has contested in more matches than any man in existence, he having followed the profession for twenty years; and when he was ten years younger, he was possessed of more than an ordinary share of science, at that time having very few equals. For this match he was trained under the watchful care of the veteran Harry Brown; and we must say, that never did a man appear on the Moor for a severe tussle in better condition than Jim Sample. Mordue is a young and rising bowler; he shows some excellent qualities, and by a careful study of leveling at a given point, he will prove a dangerous antagonist, more particularly as he has youth on his side. He has been trained by his brother Robert, who had great credit in bringing his man to the scratch in excellent condition. When the men stripped to start, Sample's friends seemed very confident, and backed him at 5 to 4 for the match. In the first throw the difference was very trifling, but as they advanced down the course, Mordue gradually gained, and when rounding the Newcastle turn, he was leading by fully three parts of the throw. 15 and 20 to 1 were now bet on Mordue, his backers considering that it was all over, not only on account of the long lead that Mordue held, but as the heaviest part of the course had yet to be contested. They considered that youth must prove victorious. This opinion has, in most matches proved correct, but in this they were deceived, for in every throw on riding the hill Sample lessened the gap, and when they reached the cut, the bowls lay as even as when they started, indeed they say so even that they were delayed to abide the decision of a toss as to who should go on first. The betting now was rather in favor of Sample—many trying to hedge off their long odds. As they came near to a finish, both parties seemed extremely anxious, for it seemed a guinea on either. When it came to the last throw, the darkness had so far set in that the bowls could with difficulty be seen; indeed, before they threw, every man was requested to keep off the course. After a deal of suspense between the backers, Sample proved the winner by 10 feet. This match proved one of the best ever bowled on the Moor, and Sample proved, by his unbounded perseverance, that he not only holds the science, but also has still a large share of lasting qualities; for when we say that the contest lasted from half past eleven o'clock until half past five o'clock, it will be seen that the struggle was enough to try the temper of any man's steel. Although Mordue lost the match he suffered no defeat, for never did a man use more means to win than he did, and no doubt he will see a better day. A cab attended Mordue the whole distance, but Sample had to fight it out on his "pins." Harry Brown trigged for Sample, and Robert Mordue for his brother.

WILD FOWL.—High up the Nile valley, birds of similar propensities enjoy much greater freedom than in Europe. The river is there engaged in creating the country it is hereafter to fertilize. Spreading into immense expanses, and following no certain channel, it stagnates amid whole forests of rushes, reeds, and other aquatic plants, whose stems arrest the silt which the water holds in suspense, and precipitates it to the bottom, where it constitutes, layer after layer, the foundation of some future Egypt. Here is the very paradise of wild fowl. Sometimes near the edge of the water you behold the long-legged flamingo standing knee deep in the flood, and appearing like the fragment of a rainbow with its gorgeous and brilliant colors, satisfying his humble appetite with sundry kinds of mud fish. The natives entertain strange notions of this bird. Believing in the doctrine of metempsychosis, they assert that it is animated by the soul of a great and proud sultan of the Indies, who, in punishment of his vanity, was transformed into a bird, and allowed to retain the splendor of his costume, banished for many thousand years into the wastes of Africa. All around amid the tufts of luxuriant vegetation you perceive various species of water fowl; ducks fat as teal of Winnebago lake, herons, storks, pelicans, wild geese, the white rice birds, the black ibis—no longer seen below the cataracts—with many other kinds, for which our northern vocabulary has no names. These birds convert such swamps, half mud, half water, into breeding places, and, therefore, as your boat moves hither and thither among the matted aquatic verdure, you behold their large eggs, glossy white, or blue, shining forth between the roots of the plants, which at a later period swarm with young nurslings of all hues.

ONE OF THE LOVE LETTERS.—In the case of Bartrow agt

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

A WINTER FESTIVAL.

A German newspaper of recent date gives a graphic description of a social gathering that came off not far from the city of Hanover, the last week in the old year. The occasion was the attainment of his century by a well known farmer residing there. He, a hale man, upright in body, and with every faculty, physical and mental, in prime condition; with a wife of eighty-nine, also a wonder of health and spirits; three sons whose respective ages were seventy, sixty-eight, and sixty-five, and a daughter by a former marriage, of seventy-five; with grandchildren, too, of mature age, who, like the patriarch whose birthday they had met to celebrate, were represented in their two succeeding generations—with hosts of friends beside, mingling the old with the young. This survivor of a century stood a glorious centre figure of an assemblage which we can well believe could not be contemplated without the deepest emotion, as observed by our German contemporary, whose account of the details of the festival are equal, in pen and ink painting, to anything Crimean Russell ever produced. It is impossible, circumscribed for space as we are, to repeat them; we may, however, just glance at some of the features that marked the day. First, with characteristic hardihood, it had been determined, spite the admonitions of some careful friends and neighbors, that the real day, though in deep winter, should be kept. There was plenty of snow upon the ground, and from certain indications, it was surmised that more of the congealed element would descend from the clouds—in fact, that the day would prove an unpleasant one. But that was a trifle, thought the centenarian. Come what might, a little exercise out of doors would induce no harm. Then, if the snow came down too heavily or the wind blew too boisterously, was there not the farm house to adjourn to, and a plentiful supply of warmth and other good things to be partaken of there? But fortunately for these simple folks, the day, though in December, broke brightly, with scarcely a cloud in the sky; a brisk, cold wind blowing, and the deep snow on the ground, encrusted, and shining like so many diamonds. Speaking as we are so often obl'ged to speak in these columns, the *programme* of the day contained several parts—the first being an attendance at the neighboring church, wherein a special service was performed. This brought the party to noon, when several athletic games were played, and some dancing, too, came off, in which the females took part. Then came the dinner, and after that, an indulgence in the refining science, happily of popular practice in Germany—music. There was a poet also among the crowd, who recited a long piece he had composed expressly for the occasion, and of which, as it may well be supposed, the aged farmer was the hero, and his family the surrounding worthies. In the evening dancing and feasting were resumed in apartments well lighted, and ornamented with branches from the hardy evergreens of the neighborhood, and some plants of vivid colors. At the breaking up, which did not occur till midnight, the "love cup," as it is called, was circulated. This consisted of a huge bowl of boxwood, curiously carved (an heir-loom in the farmer's family), filled with wine and spices. Every body drank from this cup, and while doing so, pledged his or her regards to the centenarian and his family. But this was not all. The place, late so flush of light and life, once more returned to silence and darkness, and the old man, in his bed, the sounds of music broke upon his ear—first faint, soon louder, and then increasing until a dozen voices and a dozen instruments united in a harmonious climax, the different stages between which, back to the first faint murmurings which had broken on the profound silence of the night, being just as they had been before. This was all exceedingly beautiful and expressive; but it is not exclusively on that account that we give it a place here. We have another reason for that, which is to be found in the extreme age of the object of the celebration, and the testimony rendered, that human life, if properly cared for, is of longer duration that it is conventionally believed to be; and that, even a quarter of a century after other men have departed from the earth, at "three score and ten," with the record of a "full age;" other men are to be found, born at the same date with the bygone, strong, healthful, and happy, and with sufficient probabilities of adding to their hundred years, ten or a dozen more. There can be but one cause for this. A life of temperance and exercise, and the practice of accustoming ourselves to the elements around us.

A MAGNIFICENT FERRY BOAT.—The "Suffolk County," a newly constructed ferry boat, designed for the use of Hunter's Point Ferry, went on her trial trip on the 23d ult. The boat left the foot of Corlears street at 11:40; reached Hunter's Point at 2:10; took in coal and steamed away at 12:21, passing the steamboat "Cataline" at the upper extremity of Blackwell's Island, rounding the island in thirty minutes to Hunter's Point. From thence it reached James' Slip in twelve minutes, conceded to be most astonishing time. From James' Slip it started on a trip "down the bay," and all hands enjoyed a "merrie good time" "awa down an' bock agin," amid the popping of the champagne bottles and the cracking of good jokes of the gallant party on board. For beauty of model and superior class of engine, the "Suffolk County" equals any steam craft of her trade afloat. Her motive power is from the "Allaire Works," and was constructed under the immediate supervision of Mr. R. H. Spears, a young gentleman whose abilities as an engineer are well known to the craft, and need no passing eulogy from us. The "Suffolk County" was modelled by J. M. Waterbury, Esq., and built by Ivice, Rosevelt & Co., of this city.

SLEIGHING.—The snow storm on Thursday of last week, which so summarily cut short the exhilarating sport of skating, enabled our denizens to have a short season of sleighing, and the merry tinkling of the bells was heard through the forenoon, as the various fancy "turn outs" dashed along the streets with their merry freight for a drive on the road. Horse flesh was in demand, and everybody and his wife was looking forward to a good time, from those who possess fast teams to those of more modest pretensions, who would have been content with a ride from Dry Dock to South Ferry for six cents. Their hopes were, however, nipped in the bud, for just as the snow was deep enough and everything appeared just right, a change in wind and weather took place, a thaw set in, accompanied by a rain storm, and before night yachting would have been a far more sensible sport to indulge in than sleighing. Of the condition Gotham was in, our readers hardly need to be informed. The streets might been more appropriately termed canals, and it would not have required a very great stretch of fancy to have supposed one's self in Old instead of New Amsterdam.

SKATING.—The votaries of this excellent winter sport had quite a jubilee during the early part of last week in this city and environs. At the Central Park the ponds were all alive, and the thoroughfares leading thereto were almost as much crowded as Broadway. The number of visitors on the three first days of the week was immense, not less than 100,000 it is estimated. Further particulars of the carnival are given in another column.

A HARD KICKER.—At a football game for a prize, in England, such an unlimited contest occurred that one of the pupils, in kicking the ball, received a compound fracture of the leg. The prize contended for was a silver cup, offered by Rev. W. Wayte, one of the muscular professors of Eton School.

BASE BALL PLAY IN 1860.

THE SEASON REVIEWED.

The ball playing season of 1860 may be justly ranked as the most brilliant one known in the brief annals of our national game, and as such it merits a passing notice, exclusive of the very general description of its details which we have given throughout the past year in the columns of this journal. The initiation of the season may be dated as far back as the 15th of March, on which day a lively little game was played by several of the delegates to the convention which had met the day previous. This match was soon followed by several others, chiefly, however, among the Junior clubs, who were early in the field. On the 17th of May the season was regularly inaugurated by the close and exciting contest which took place on that date between the Excelsior and Charter Oak Clubs of Brooklyn, which, to the surprise of the majority, resulted in the defeat of the Excelsiors, by a score of 12 to 11. Fully three thousand people were present at the match, among whom were a numerous delegation of the fair sex of Brooklyn. The game was a very spirited one, and was a source of gratification to all who witnessed it. The next contest of note was that played at Morrisania, on the 23d of May, between the Union Club of that locality, and the Eckford of Greenpoint. Considerable interest was manifested in regard to this match, owing to the fact that the Eckford Club had been somewhat weakened by the secession of some of its strong players; but the union of those remaining had left them strong enough to fight their battles, and the result of their first encounter proved the fact, for they came off victorious in a match with a first rate nine, the score of the game being 22 to 19. The same week witnessed a very interesting game between the Atlanta and Star Clubs of Brooklyn, in which the former had nothing to boast of in the way of superior play over their gallant little opponents, who fought manfully for victory, even after allowing the Atlantics to obtain 18 runs in their second innings, the total score being 30 to 11—the "champions" being, of course, in the majority. On the 6th of June the Champion club of Yorkville, who had gained considerable notoriety the previous season, were defeated in a match with the Continentals of Brooklyn, the score being 29 to 22; and on the 8th, the Union of Morrisania and the Atlantic of Brooklyn had a match together, which, owing to the unfavorable weather, proved to be quite a secondary affair, only five innings being played for a total score of 15 to 4, the Atlantics being the victors. We now come to the first exciting contest of the season, the match between the Putnam and Eckford Clubs, which took place on the new grounds of the former club on the 13th of June. The peculiar circumstances attendant upon this match led to the manifestation of considerable ill feeling on the part of the "club followers" of the respective contestants; but fortunately it was confined to mere words. The Eckfords fought a manly, up-hill game, and well merited, by their play, the victory they achieved. The score was 36 to 29—the game occupying four hours.

On the 12th of June, Hoboken was the scene of a well-contested match for the first time during the season, between the Eagle club, and the Hamilton, of Jersey City. In this contest the Eagle came off victorious by a score of 37 to 25. On the same day the Stars were badly beaten by the Charter Oaks, of Brooklyn, the score being 27 to 3. The same week the Harlems went over to Brooklyn and won a ball from the Continentals, which offset the defeat the Yorkville players had sustained the week previous, the score of the Harlems being 35 to the Continentals' 13. On the 21st of June the Excelsior and Charter Oaks met again, the game being known as the fly game. On this occasion the Excelsiors paid off their opponents in style for their previous defeat, the score of the match being 36 to 9, or more than 3 to 1 in favor of the Excelsiors. On the 26th of June the Eagle club, and the Union, of Morrisania, met at Hamilton square, on which occasion the Eagles were victorious by a score of 26 to 15. The same week a very interesting game was had between the Atlantic and Putnam clubs, on the grounds of the latter, which, after a close contest, resulted in favor of the Atlantics by a score of 14 to 11. On the same day the Manhattan club, of New York, and the Charter Oak, of Brooklyn, met on the latter's ground, the result being a victory for the Charter Oaks after a well-contested game, the score being 16 to 12. The day previous, the Stars and Excelsiors played a match, in which six members of the old Star club played on the Excelsior side, the score being 16 to 5, the Stars being defeated. On the 26th of June the Gothams began play for the season, in a match with the Newark club. At the close of the game, the lady friends of the Newarkers presented bouquets to the most successful players of the contesting nines. The score of this match was 26 to 15, the Gothams being the victors. On the 2d of July the Eagle club and the Adriatic had a very agreeable contest, the score being 18 for the Eagles and 15 for their opponents. On the same day the Baltics played a good game with the Newark club, at Harlem, in which the former were victorious by a score of 37 to 22. On the 4th of July every ball ground was occupied, and a large number of matches were played, but none of any special importance. On the 6th the Eagles and Mutuals had a match together, the Eagles being victorious by a score of 24 to 10; and on the 7th the Exercise, of Brooklyn, obtained a signal victory over the St. Nicholas at Hoboken, the score being 40 to 8. On the 10th of July a most exciting game was played between the Gotham and Eagle clubs, it being their first match together this season, the result being a tie, each party scoring 18 runs. The same week the Putnams obtained an easy victory over the Charter Oaks by a score of 26 to 8, and the same day a lively game took place between the Stars and Eckfords, the score of which was 19 to 6, the Stars being defeated; during this week, the Eagles were defeated by the Empires, the score being 33 to 14. On the 19th of July, the long-talked-of match between the Atlantic and Excelsior clubs, of Brooklyn, took place on the grounds of the Excelsior club, the result being the defeat of the Atlantics by a score of 23 to 4.

The Excelsior Club, stronger in playing members than ever before, and thoroughly drilled and disciplined by an energetic captain, whose every command was at once obeyed, entered the lists on that occasion, flushed with the victories obtained from the strongest clubs throughout the State; whereas the Atlantics had relaxed considerably in that effective discipline which had hitherto been a prominent element in giving them the triumphs they had thus far achieved, and they were enervated, too, by playing with clubs whose inferiority in strength to the Atlantics, induced in the latter a careless habit of confidence in their success which is only warranted by constant practice and the best of discipline. Hence, no one aware of the existing circumstances of this match, was at all surprised at the result. The game was witnessed by one of the largest assemblages ever seen on a ball ground, fully 12,000 people being congregated around the scene of action. The day was extremely warm, but nevertheless, so great was the interest manifested in the contest, that but few retired until the result was pretty surely ascertained. After the game was concluded, the majority gave the laurels of the championship to the Excelsiors; but those who knew the inherent pluck possessed by the Atlantics, waited for the result of the second game before they gave up the battle as lost. The same week the Gotham and Mutual had a match at Hoboken, the result of which was a tie game, the second the Gotham had had, the score being 25 to 25. On July 24th, the Enterprise and Eckford clubs had a sharp contest on the Atlantic's grounds, the result being a victory for the Eckfords by a score of 20 to 10; and the same day the Eagles, very short-handed, had a match with the Charter Oaks, which they lost, the score being 25 to 16; also, the Gothams had another tie game, being the third this season, the match being with the Jefferson club, and the score 13 to 13. On the 27th, a very prettily contested game was played between the Nassau and Albion—Junior—clubs of Brooklyn, the score of which, after 11 innings had been played, stood 11 for the Nassaus and 10 for the Albions. The Excelsiors having been so successful against the Atlantics, next tried their skill with the Putnams in a "fly game," which was played on the Putnam grounds on the 4th of August. The score of this match was 23 to 7, the Putnams apparently being content to make three runs more than the Atlantics did in their match. The same week the Atlantics went over to Hoboken, and had a contest with the Mutuals, and although the latter played a very good game, they were easily defeated by a score of 34 to 15. The day following, a lively contest ensued between the Social and Malta clubs, it being the first match either club had engaged in. The victory was with the Malta club, the score being 35 to 30. On the 3d of August, the Eureka club, of Newark, obtained a well-earned triumph over the Harlems, the score being 34 to 18. The same day the Mutuals very creditably won a ball from the Henry Eckford of Brooklyn, the score being 15 to 11, this victory being the second obtained by a New York over a Brooklyn club in one week, the previous victory being secured by the Lexington from the Brooklyn club, the score of which was 27 to 16. On the 30th of July a match was played between a united nine from the Gotham and other junior clubs of Hoboken, against the Prince of Wales' nine, which is noticeable from the large score obtained by the United side, their score being 105 to their opponents' 10. On the 9th of August, the Atlantic and Excelsior Clubs again met to fight for the championship, and the grounds of the Atlantic Club were on this occasion crowded, as they never had been before. The result of the previous match had made the sporting fraternity "bet high" on the Excelsiors, but the sudden change in favor of the Atlantic Club, which occurred in the 7th innings of this game, caused a very unpleasant feeling in the pockets of those who had invested so liberally on the previous victors, and the result made the Atlantics exultant, for they won the match by a score of 15 to 14, a very narrow escape from losing their hard earned laurels. This unexpected termination to the game added greatly to the interest which the third or test match would yield, and expectancy was on the tip toe for this greatest and most exciting of ball matches, which took place in due course of time on Tom Putnam's grounds, the result being greatly to be regretted by all lovers of the game, as owing to outside interference by those pecuniarily interested in the result, it was abruptly terminated at the close of the 6th innings, by the withdrawal of the Excelsiors from the field, they being, at the time, in the majority as to runs, the score being 8 to 6. The final result was, therefore, a drawn battle as to the championship, where, we trust, it will remain, as we now regard these matches for the championship as anything but conducive to the best interests of the game. On the 7th of August, the Stuyvesant and Independent Clubs had a well contested match at Hamilton Square, the result being a victory for the Independent by a score of 19 to 18. On the 13th of August the Empires obtained a decided victory over the Mutuals, the score being 17 to 7. On the 25th of August the veteran Knickerbockers played their first and only match of the season, in a very agreeable, but entirely one-sided game with the Excelsiors, in which the latter had it all their own way, the score being 32 to 9, there being 7 innings, in which the "veterans" did not score a run. The same week the Atlantics again defeated the Mutuals by a score of 26 to 14, and the Harlems returned the compliment by defeating the Charter Oaks, the score of the latter match being 21 to 13. On the same day, however, the Gotham club, with a good nine, were beaten by the Independents, of Brooklyn, the score being 18 to 12. On the 18th, the Excelsiors and Empires had a pleasant match at Hoboken, the result of which was a victory for the Brooklynites by a score of 23 to 7. On the 30th of August, the Gothams defeated the Enterprise at Brooklyn, by a score of 21 to 15. On the 7th of September, one of the best contested games of the season took place at Morrisania, the last game of a home and home series between the Excelsior and Union clubs. Taking into consideration the very general success of the Excelsiors in nearly every match they had played, it was no little triumph for the Unions to put their opponents out in the nine innings for the smallest score they had ever obtained in a match. The contest was a very exciting one, and the result was very gratifying to the Unions, for though they were defeated, they nevertheless did what no other club had been able to do, viz.:—kept down the score of the Excelsiors to a single figure. The total score of the match was 7 to 4. The game was one of the most agreeable the Unions had ever been engaged in. The same week the Harlems played their first game of the season with the Atlantics, and were badly beaten, the score being 28 to 8, the Atlantics having but six of their first nine in the match. On the 7th, however, the Harlems offset this defeat by a victory over the Eagles, the score being 17 to 9. On the 15th, the Putnams and Unions met again at Morrisania, the result, after a closely contested game, being the success of the Putnams, by a score of 12 to 6. This was in a measure a "waiting game," and of course was not as agreeable as it otherwise would have been. On the 28th, a match was played between the Harlem and Henry Eckford clubs, in which a player undertook to return to his base on a foul ball without *retracing* his steps, a circumstance which gave rise to the introduction of the amendment of Section 16, which now requires players running bases on foul balls to retrace their steps. The game was well contested, and resulted in a victory for the Harlems, by a score of 13 to 11. The day before this match, the Atlantics came very near being defeated by the Liberty, of New Brunswick, who this season have mustered a very strong nine. They had five runs to make in their last innings and had to put out the Liberties for 0 to save the game; and this they did, the result being a tie, the score being 16 to 16. On the 27th, the great match between the Excelsiors, of Brooklyn, and the Excelsiors, of Baltimore, came off at Baltimore, the contest creating quite an excitement in the Monumental City. The score was 51 to 6. The next week the Brooklynites encountered a picked nine from the Philadelphia clubs, the result being another victory for the Excelsiors, the score being 15 to 4. These contests closed the season of the Excelsiors, which had been the most successful and creditable any club has ever experienced.

On the 15th of September the Star Club obtained a decided victory over the Brooklyn, by a score of 24 to 6; and on the 19th the Oriental and Powhattan, Junior clubs, had a lively contest at Brooklyn, the result being a victory for the Oriental nine, the score being 14 to 13. On the 15th of October, the first of a series of home and home contests for the championship took place between the Atlantic and Eckford Clubs at Greenpoint, the occasion calling forth a large assemblage of interested spectators. The game was closely contested, and was in favor of the Eckfords at the close of the 8th innings, but on the 9th the Atlantics scored 4 to their opponents' 1, thereby winning the match, the score being 10 to 1. The return match took place at Bedford on the 22d, on which occasion the Eckfords came off victorious, after a well contested game, the score being 20 to 15. This, of course, necessitated a third contest, and accordingly on the 29th of Oct. the last match was played on the grounds of the Putnam Club, in the presence of an assemblage numbering some 8,000 persons. It resulted in the success of the Atlantics, who, by this match, deservedly retained the laurels, for the fourth season of their existence, as the champion club of the Base Ball community. This match, up to the close of the 5th innings, was the finest played game we ever witnessed, and afforded ample proof of the great degree of skill attained by the respective contestants. The score was 20 to 11. This match may be said to have closed the season, for though several well played matches followed among second class clubs, none of any note were played afterwards, if we may except the match played by a nine of the Excelsior Club against a picked nine of the St. George Cricket Club, in which the Excelsiors scored 25 to the St. George's 0, the latter not obtaining a single run in the whole nine innings.

Thanksgiving day was the closing day of the season, and had the grounds of the various clubs been in as good condition, as the day was fine overhead, quite a gala day would have been had. As it was, however, there was considerable playing done. Thus closed the ball season of 1860, which has proved to have been one of the most exciting and brilliant on record. In our review we have, of course, been obliged to omit the record of several very interesting contests, inasmuch as space would not admit of the insertion of so many, but we have noticed all of any special importance, and the record in this concise form will no doubt be of interest to all our ball playing readers.

WINTER SPORTS IN MONTREAL.

BY OUR CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR CLIPPER—I purpose to give your readers a brief account of sporting matters in Canada at the present season, and must request their kind indulgence if my letter is not as racy as they would wish, but it's a hard matter to grow warm on any subject when the thermometer is 32 degrees below zero.

You Americans must not suppose that we are half frozen creatures, and never stir out of the house except on necessary business, for I assure you, our Canadian winter is the most pleasant and bracing time of the year. We can keep the cold out by exercise and warm clothing; the cold air checks the perspiration, and we can consequently exercise longer and with more benefit. I wish you could see our rosy-cheeked maidens out sleigh-driving, snow-shoeing or skating, although it is so cold. If you want to see female pluck, then just come to Canada in winter, and if you don't see "our girls" show the courage of their mothers, I'll pay the oyster supper. I don't mean to insinuate that you require to cross the lines to see female pluck, but I'll bet there's few of your New York fair ones who will undertake to go off on a six or eight mile tramp on snow-shoes on such a night as we now have. We make great fun of folks coming from the old country and elsewhere, who have such ideas of our winter. I quite frightened an old gentleman the other day from the States, by telling him to be sure and keep his hand on his nose in the street, or he might have it dropping off with the frost. He thanked me for the timely advice.

SNOW-SHOEING forms one of our principal sports in winter, and we have rare times tramping *over* the summits of our beautiful mountain, and plunging in the valley on the other side of it, that leads to the village of Cote des Meiges—our destination. There is great fun—real, honest fun—in snow-shoeing—especially when an unexperienced tramper first puts the shoes on. He has falls in the deep snow innumerable, and often goes headlong, diving head, neck and arms in the snow-drifts, and every now and then tripping and falling down. But he can only laugh, and perseveringly get up again. The "Beaver Snow-Shoe Club," of our city, recently made an expedition on snow-shoes to Norton Creek—forty miles from Montreal—and having built a roaring fire, they put up a tent and encamped on the snow. They took guns, provisions, &c., with them, and had a jolly time. I had the pleasure of accompanying them, and assure you I'd like to go back again. It was more for the fun of the tramp and encamping we went, but a fine young doe rewarded us for our trouble. It was shot by a bush-ranger we had with us.

SKATING has received a great impetus this season by the erection of a splendid "rink," which cost nearly—if not quite—$4000, and when finished will hardly be surpassed by any on this continent. All the circumstances that gas light and water can afford are amply supplied. I heard lately that such is the great impetus given to this exercise this season, that some of our wealthy merchants have flooded apartments, which are quite private, for the junior members of the family especially.

JOBOGONING, and sliding with other sleighs, is a great amusement here. There is much enjoyment in a ride down hill by moonlight on the Indian Jobogon. It is an easy matter to get seated on the sleigh; draw in your clothes, a little push, and off we go at a break-neck pace. How carefully do you pilot your slender sleigh down the steep hill when you have two or more feminines with you. How sweet their merry laughter rings out upon the air.

OUR CURLERS have not practised as much this year as formerly; the reason why I do not know, and, as I'm no curler, 'tis none of my business.

Last winter, a RIDING CLUB was started, under the patronage of General Williams (the hero of Kars), and this year has turned out some of the best blood horses in Canada. Double-tandem and tandem fly along our streets, with merry companions and bright eyes.

Montreal has the only FOX HUNTING CLUB in America, I believe. It was established in 1829, and since then has run down a long list of foxes, &c. This club consists of our genuine sportsmen, whose nerves and muscles you may well imagine are in a pretty sound state.

THEATRICALS are below par in Canada. It is a strange fact that a theatre cannot prosper in Canada. I don't understand this.

GYMNASTICS and dumb bell exercises are now all the go. The late visit of Professor Winship to our city has revived greatly these beneficial exercises. I assure you, we have men as strong as the Doctor in Montreal.

There is a carman in our city who recently lifted a hogshead of sugar of the usual size, and could lift more. At the lecture of the Doctor in Montreal, a man shouldered the barrel of flour with as much ease and faster than did Dr. W. This man assured us he never tried it before.

BOXING AND FENCING stand prominent among the pleasures of our people, and have always been a principal sport of theirs.

Methuselah, very inconsiderately, kicked the bucket without leaving his recipe for long life behind, and we cannot be too careful of our health in such seasons as the present. To strangers, unused to our climate, I would strongly advise them, when visiting us, to procure a heavy muffler for the neck, and warm clothing for the feet. Carelessness in these parts of our dress are the cause of many serious colds, and often the foundation of consumption. Putting your feet in a bowl of gruel, and drinking a pail of hot water, is not a bad remedy, however. Apologising to the readers of the CLIPPER for this brief and hasty sketch of our sports in winter,

I am yours, &c.,
OSCEOLA.

Montreal, Jan., 1861.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.—The Independent, of Constantina, Algeria, publishes the following account of a perilous adventure with a lion:—"The well-known hunter, Chassaing, residing at Constantina, left the town lately with a friend, Captain de St. Marc, for a few days' sport in the mountains. When near the top of the Bon Arif, he encountered a huge lion, and lodged two balls in its shoulder, but the wounded animal escaped into the wood, roaring with pain and fury. On the following day, M. Chassaing and his friend traced the lion to an extensive thicket, and while the former was searching among the bushes, the lion suddenly sprang on him, threw him down, seized his arm—the bone of which was instantly broken—between the powerful jaws, and was dragging the unfortunate hunter into the woods, when at that critical moment Captain de Marc came up, and after discharging his rifle at the lion, finished him with one of Chassaing's pistols. While in the lion's fearful grip, Chassaing never lost his presence of mind, but struggling with his antagonist to prevent him from springing on the Captain, whose ammunition was exhausted, he cried out to the latter to approach and take the pistols from his belt, which were still charged. After despatching the lion, the Captain dressed his friend's wounds as well as he could, and they then returned to Constantina to obtain aid."

MR. RAREY AT BROOKLYN.

On Wednesday evening, the 23d of January, Mr. Rarey made his first appearance in Brooklyn, in his speciality as a horse tamer. The place selected for the occasion was the Academy of Music, the capacity of which, so far as regards the accommodation of a certain aggregate of visitors, was put to the proof—not uncomfortably so; the arrangements against undue crowding having been all of the right sort. At a rough guess, we should suppose that more than two thousand persons were assembled. The programme was the same as we have already described it to be at Niblo's. After a little waiting, and a great deal of anxiety, Mr. Rarey made his appearance, and was hailed very enthusiastically; the succeeding action of the audience being an agreeable surprise that a person so noted as the one before them, should present himself in a style so thoroughly unpretending. "Where are his gold medals?" was the inquiry of several persons in our neighborhood on Wednesday evening last, as their eyes rested on the plain habits of the lecturer; their allusion having regard to the two magnificent presentations of which Mr. Rarey was the object while in Europe—the first, from the Royal Humane Society of England; the other, from the King of Sweden, the simple possession of the latter being sufficient to command a distinguished treatment, equivalent to that generally accorded to ministers of State. But though entirely undecorated, and in the ordinary out-of door costume, Mr. Rarey has a special look about him; and the idea that he is a special man, first inspired by his aspect, is confirmed as he proceeds to explain his theory and its practical results, with the experiences of his old-world travel. On Wednesday evening, after a little introductory talk, *Cruiser* was brought in—his past and present history, with incidental anecdote, pleasantly preluding the more active part of the entertainment. By-and-by, a milder subject is shown to the audience. Experiments are made, illustrative of the system, and which we have explained in former numbers. In due time, a gate is opened, and a horse, heavily muzzled, is brought in, held by a groom, at one end of a rope, some five yards long. On the other side is a second groom, also holding the animal by a rope. Mr. Rarey then coaxes, tickles, frightens, and pacifies him—the horse being alternately bound, unbound, and led away, the perfect illustration of his master's *moral* suasion. The next subject "operated" on, is a small Shetland pony, weighing under 80 lbs. At the same time, a larger one, weighing 210 lbs., is led in. A scientific lecture upon these ponies then ensues—its salient points being the same as those enunciated at Niblo's. The entertainment then concludes by the exhibition of some "very outrageous" horse, whose certificate of character is also produced. Mr. Rarey, to show how consummate is the art he practises, works this animal up to the highest degree of his "thermometer," bringing into requisition, the straps which get him down. At this, the audience, though cautioned not to disturb the proceedings by noisy demonstrations, fairly join in an immense outburst of applause. The triumph of the tamer is complete. Everybody acknowledges it, and everybody praises it. To this, the final performance of the evening, too much commendation cannot be rendered. The horse introduced, was excessively violent in his demonstrations, and indulged in several noises, which at the time, seemed to grate ominously on the ears of the spectators. A real "battle royal" was waged between him and Mr. Rarey. Nobody could tell where his (the horse's) pedestrian propellers were, just because they were everywhere at different times, while his tail was rampant to the last degree, and his mouth sanguinary. Here was the contest between man and horse, mind and muscle—terminating in the unequivocal supremacy of man and mind; yet, without the least approach to cruelty. Indeed, it is the perfect mildness of Mr. Rarey's manner, conjoined with obvious firmness, that constitutes the chief element of his influence. Throughout the entire exhibition, the perfect humanity of Mr. Rarey's system stood self-vindicated, before us—the same with those sitting near us, and with whom we joined in the applause that awaited him on his announcement of another exhibition of the same kind, in the same place, on the 25th.

COCKING.

RULES OF NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA HANDLERS.

GAME FOWLS AS LAYERS AND BREEDERS.

JERSEY BLUES.

MR. EDITOR. Having seen in a late number of the CLIPPER the "New York Rules on Cocking," I have been tempted to offer a remark in behalf of their more general adoption. In glancing over them, however, I find them to be incomplete, and to need revision. None of the rules state how soon cocks must be put down after being raised. The putting down of cocks I think a most important point. Here the matter is well enough understood, and in order to inform strangers who may feel inclined to adopt the New York Rules, it will be well to state, that cocks when picked up by the handlers must be put down immediately upon their respective scores. This should be added to rule six.

By these rules it depends upon a cock to win; but by other (say Philadelphia) rules a handler frequently wins, and not the cock. In Philadelphia when cocks strike in they are drawn and handled; this occupies some time agreeably to the notions of the handlers, and I have frequently seen a coupled cock and a cock with a body blow brought around so as to win a fight, which he could not have done under the New York Rules.

Rule ten says: No pitter, after the cocks have been delivered in the pit, shall be permitted to clean their beaks or eyes, or of squeezing his cock or pressing him against the floor, &c. It is quite different in Philadelphia, where the handlers clean out a cock's eyes and render him every assistance in their power while in hand, so that an expert has great advantage; and, as an illustration, I would state that Sam Rusk always has the call in betting; a hundred and twenty five to a hundred is about the odds on Sam, who is, without doubt, the best handler in the States, and who never loses a match through ignorance; what Sam does'nt know about a game cock is'nt worth knowing, and if one could believe expressions, he is never so well pleased as when handling a good cock, nor is he ever so crazy as when he gets a good cock whipped. Sam is an ancient member of the Temperance Society, and drinks as little water as possible. The only harm I wish him is, that he had "ten thousand a year."

There are several other clever handlers in Philadelphia among them: John Sinn would probably rank first in order; then Peter Branson, who is not only a good handler but the best man of the day to heel a cock; the up-towners and down-towners have each their favorite handler; the west enders also have their champion, a very clever one too by the way, whose name I have forgotten.

Here we have two handlers—experienced, skilful and reliable—Mr. Duff and Eph Allen, either of whom seconds a cock so well as to leave no room for complaint. Mr. Duff is a firm advocate for established rules and fair play, and I am sure if sporters generally would act a little more in accordance with his views, there would be less complaints and more sport.

Several years ago, Mr. Editor, I communicated through your columns my belief, that with an equal number (other things being the same), more eggs and chickens could be gotten from games than any of the common fowls; time has served to confirm my impressions.

I have had introduced here for gentlemen who objected to the games, Dorkings and golden pencilled Hamburghs, unsurpassed in the world; yet they have not given satisfaction, either in their yield of eggs or chickens; and at the suggestion of one of my friends, who has the best grey Dorkings that could be purchased in England, I have introduced into his poultry yard the most elegant black breasted grey game cock, of seven pounds, I have ever seen; he was sent me by that excellent judge of game fowls, Matt Rusk, of Philadelphia, to whom I shall always feel indebted for his readiness in filling all orders which I have found convenient to throw in his way. Matt, like his big brother Sam, knows a game chicken the moment he puts eye upon him.

As the cold weather is upon us, I would advise persons whose fowls are laying, and from which they desire to propagate, to remove all eggs from the nests as fast as laid (or they may be frozen) and to pack away in oats or bran (point down), keeping them in a moderately cool place until some of the hens want to sit; and as early chickens do best, I would advise setting the hens during February, so as to have as many chicks hatched throughout March as possible, more particularly where the fowls have access to a good barn or stable yard, or warm lodgings, day as well as night. It must be understood that it will be necessary to leave an artificial egg or two in each nest.

From your answers to correspondents last week, I am led to infer that some one made inquiry, whether the Jersey-blues are games? I will here add (with your permission) for information to the parties concerned, that the Jersey-blues, of New Jersey, and the Bucks County fowls, of Pennsylvania, are the same fowls, differing only in color, the latter being brown, the former blue, without a drop of game blood in either. They are, nevertheless, remarkably fine fowls, being large, healthy, good layers, and easy to propagate; chickens at Christmas ordinarily weigh twelve pounds the pair; aged fowls fifteen to eighteen, and when caponized, I have seen them weigh twenty-eight to thirty pounds the pair. These fowls beyond peradventure, have sprung from Shanghaes crossed with the common fowls of the country, hence their stamina and early maturity.

The Lippincotts, of Burlington County, have long been celebrated for their fine fowls—Jersey-blues; and Messrs. Vanartsdalen, and the brothers Cornell enjoy a high reputation for their Bucks County fowls, many of which I have seen at the various poultry exhibitions, where they have carried off prizes time and again. These gentlemen are all farmers, and from their knowledge of husbandry and systematic tillage of the soil they have made such farms as rarely fall to the lot of man. It is worth a ride of a thousand miles to visit the home of Mr. Adrian Cornell, surrounded as it is with everything calculated to inspire the appreciative mind; his horses, horned cattle, swine and poultry, are all of the best and in consonance with the gentleman, who is a leading spirit in everything which tends to elevate the standard of practical agriculture.

These gentlemen are prominent members of the Bucks County Agricultural Society, and with its most estimable presiding officer, Mr. Stavely, render yeoman service to the good cause in which they are so honorably engaged. At this season of the year chicken pox is prevalent, but its cure is easy; viz. touch each pock with blue vitriol, diluted with water, half and half. If one application should not suffice, try another until the pock is killed. Hoping this brief article will in no way be so construed as to endanger our Union, I remain, yours truly,

WHITE HACKLE.

New York, January 28, 1861.

COCKING.—In answer to Brown's challenge, in last week's issue, John Dickson, of 1222 Palmer street, Philadelphia, Pa., says he would like to fight a main of fifteen cocks, if he (Brown) will fight in Philadelphia, and will allow him the same terms as he offered to go to Cleveland—twenty dollars. What do you say, Mr. Brown? Will you fight in Dixie's Land? Hooray! Hooray!

THE GAME OF CHESS.

MIRON'S TOURNEY.—An error in copying one of the problems has been discovered, necessitating some further examinations.

CLIPPER CHESS PROB. TOUR.—The last "proof sheets" have, at last, left the hands of the editor. "Goy to the world! Cotashun," &c., A. W. The book is now "in press" *in ipsissimis verbis*.

FREE TOURNAMENT.—The final round is not yet reached. It stands thus:—

J. A. Leonard vs victor in match Marache vs Richardson, each of whom have scored one game.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. FREEE, N. Y.—Thanks for pains in our behalf; be assured of reciprocity, on opportunity.

J. A. LEONARD.—Thank you for valuable favors.

J. SCHLESINGER.—Contributions shall receive prompt attention.

P. RICHARDSON.—And yours also; thank you.

WM. HORNER, Brooklyn.—Written you, with propositions and an enclosure; hope the former will be acceptable, and the latter not very troublesome.

L. HONK, Tenn.—Written, and complied.

J. PIKE, P. M., N. C.—Letter, but nary red; written.

J. T. C., Harvard University.—Received and on file; thank you.

C. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—Out of print; no.

Admirable and interesting *partie* between our contributor John Schlesinger, giving Q Kt, and Mr. M., of Cleveland.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Schlesinger.	Amateur.	Schlesinger.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..P to K R 4 (*e*)	R P × B
2..P-K B 4	K B-B 4	11..R P × P	K R-K sq (*f*)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	12..Kt 2d P × Kt (*g*)	Q × B 2d P
4..P-Q B 3	Q B-Kt 5	13..Q-K R 5	K-his B sq
5..K B-B 4 (*d*)	Q B × Kt	14..P-K Kt 4 (*h*)	Kt-Q R 4
6..Q × Q B	K Kt-B 3	15..P-K Kt 5	P-K Kt 3 (*i*)
7..P-Q 3	Castles	16..Kt P × Q	Kt P × Q
8..P-K B 5	Q Kt-B 3	17..K R × P	K-Kt sq,
9..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	18..Castles	Kt × K B,

Attack mates by force in five moves.

Notes by J Schlesinger.

(*d*) Far superior to playing B to K 2d.

(*e*) There is nothing like keeping up an attack, when giving the odds of a piece; and especially when an adversary plays as *bookish* a Defence as the present.

(*f*) Moving the Kt would have been immediately fatal—in fact this is the only move to prolong the game.

(*g*) Q to K R 3d would have been worse than useless.

(*h*) Preventing the K from going to his 2d.

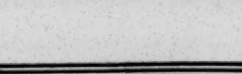
(*i*) The only move.

ENIGMA No. 161.
Illustrated London News.
BY KLING & HORWITZ.

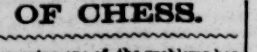
at his 3, K Kt 2, K 2, Q 4th.

at Q 8th, White mates in five moves. at Q 4th.

ENIGMA EXTRA.
From the Same.
BY HERR KLING.

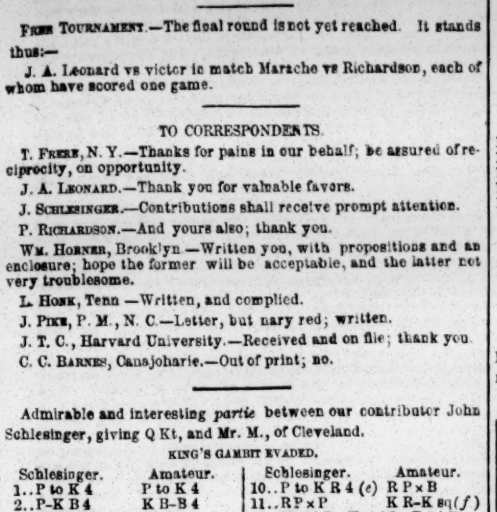


at his 5, Q R 5, Q Kt 3, Q B 3d.



at Q B 4, Q 4, Q Kt 4, Q B 3d. Black mates in six moves.

PROBLEM No. 261.
BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in seven moves.

GAME NO. 261.

The fourth and closing *partie* of the match in the Free Tournament at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between our contributor J. A. Leonard and J. P. Barnett, M. D.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Barnett.	Attack, Mr. Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Barnett.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..B P × B	Q B to K 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..Q R-Q sq	P-Q 4 (*b*)
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	18..P-K B 4 (*c*)	K-Kt sq (*d*)
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	19..Q B × Q Kt	Q × Q B (*e*)
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..P-K B 5	Q-her Kt 5
7..Castles	K Kt-B 3	21..B P × B	Q × Q Kt
8..Q B-R 3	P-Q 3	22..B P × P +	K × B P
9..P-K 5	K Kt-his 5	23..Q-K 6 +	K-B sq
10..K P × P	B P × P	24..Q-her 6 +	K-Kt sq
11..K B-K sq +	Q Kt-K 2	25..K R-K 7	P-K R 4
12..K B-Kt 5 +	K-his B sq	26..Q-K 6 +	K-his R 2
13..Kt × Q 2d P	K B-Kt 3	27..Q × K Kt	Q-K 6 +
14..Q-K 2 (*a*)	K B × Kt	28..K-R sq	Q-K R 3, and

the Attack mates in two moves.

(*a*) To this point the game was played almost leterally without time—it was "put through" at a pace positively frightful. We look upon the Attack as having inaugurated his winning position with his checks. The Defence never recovers from the shot of move 12.

(*b*) Apparently a barrier to the tide setting against him, but his right flank is neatly and decisively turned.

(*c*) His forces all marshalled, the bayonet charge is sounded.

(*d*) This move the Defence very much regretted, it was made, indeed, without a moment's consideration; but we think he should date his difficulties at the checks.

(*e*) For the first time he really contemplated his position, and saw his troubles—but we think his defeat now certain. The game is finished by the Attack with consummate skill, and extreme elegance.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2,00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. DEAN, South Adams, Mass.—We have not yet examined your other position sufficiently to decide upon its soundness. If "all right on the goose," it is very fair.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—The last of the lot this week. "Anything on the board for four cents?" Since writing the above, we have received another from the Am. D. P.

ON THE SQUARE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—The end-game appears—it is a beautiful position. Let us hear from you often.

CONTRA, Pembroke, Mass.—Positions received. Will examine.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 73.—VOL. VIII.
BY J. N. DEAN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..25 to 22	26 to 17	3..28 to 24	16 to 20
2.. 7 10	12 16	4..24 19, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' EIGHTH POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..32 to 17	28 to 32	3..26 to 23, and wins.	
2..27 24	19 28		

GAME No. 38.—VOL. VIII.
Communicated by H. SPAYTH, Esq.
IRREGULAR.

Martins. Black.	McKerrow. White.	Martins. Black.	McKerrow. White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	15.. 8 to 12	32 to 27
2.. 8 11	17 13	16..15 19	23 16
3.. 3 8	24 19	17..12 19	29 25
4..15 24	28 19	18..14 18	27 23
5..11 15	19 16	19..18 27	31 15
6..12 19	23 16	20..10 19	17 14
7.. 8 12	27 23	21..19 23	13 9
8..12 19	23 16	22.. 6 13	14 10
9.. 7 11	16 7	23..23 26	10 7
10.. 2 11	25 22	24..26 30	7 3
11.. 9 14	26 23	25.. 1 6	3 7
12.. 4 8	22 18	26..13 17	21 14
13..15 22	30 26	27..30 21	
14..11 15	26 17	Martins wins.	

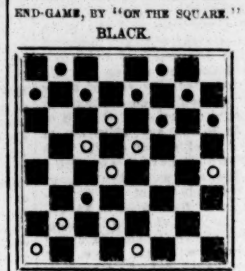
MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black.—Mary.		White.—Non Nemo.	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11		

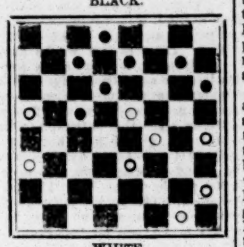
POSITION No. 74.—VOL. VIII. THE 9TH POSITION OF STURGES.
END-GAME, BY "ON THE SQUARE."

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

☞ The above is the termination of the game published last week. Our readers will perceive it to be an admirable Position.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

From English Papers to Jan. 6.

JEM MACE AND JOHNNY WALKER IN DUBLIN.

GRAND FISTIC TOURNAMENT.

Under this title an entertainment was announced for Monday week at the Theatre of the Portobello Gardens, in which Jem Mace and Johnny Walker were to be assisted by "a host of talent" in showing "how battles are lost and won." The exhibition took place at half-past seven o'clock, on the stage of the theatre, before a rather numerous company, which, strangely enough, did not contain any of those rough customers that generally, indeed almost invariably, attend on such occasions. Mr. Levett, the well-known pedestrian, acted as master of the ceremonies, and introduced to the spectators a number of individuals with the gloves on, belonging, he said, to the "Dublin fancy." These set-to in couples, and their illustrations of the noble art, if not very scientific, were at least very vigorous and determined. One pair, briefly announced as "two friends," went into each other with great heartiness, and, after some punishing rounds, retired with smiling though flushing faces. Two gentlemen, whose countenances were unmistakably those of members of the Prize Ring, next came on with gloves. They were "Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, and Joe Langley, of Newcastle on-Tyne." Both displayed, in the opinion of certain amateurs present, considerable skill, and it was evident to all that Smith and Langley were a great improvement on the novices who figured previously. The stars of the evening, however, were "the celebrated Jem Mace, who is a finely-built, symmetrical young man, and the accomplished Johnny Walker, whose face sufficiently denotes that he has been often in the ring. These heroes made a very scientific display, and were loudly applauded. In the course of the evening both took occasion to thank the audience. Mace stated that he was matched to fight "the Staleybridge Infant" for the Champion's Belt, and the he "believed in his heart he could do the work before him." Johnny Walker recalled the happiness he felt during a visit to Dublin twenty years ago, and said he was sure he would be always welcomed in our splendid city. A handsome silver tankard; presented to Mace by his admirers after his defeat of "the gallant Bob Brettle," and two silver cups, "marks of respect," given for his other successes in the Prize Ring, were exhibited on the stage during the evening. Mr. Thomas Johnson co-operated with Mr. Levett to ensure order, and no disturbances of any kind took place.—*Sporting Life, Jan.* 2.

REARDON AND SHIPP.—Reardon's friends demur to the forfeit being given to Shipp in this match, but they bring forward no ground for reversing our decision. We have two letters from Reardon, each in a different handwriting, in one of which he owns that Mr. Good, from whom part of his money came, offered to take £6 from Shipp's friends to forfeit, and he also owns that the last £10 was not sent in time. We cannot compel Shipp to forego his claim to the forfeit, and it remains for Reardon to make a fresh match and see to his deposits himself.—*Bell's Life, Jan.* 6.

NOVEL MATCH.—BIPED VS QUADRUPED.—A certain well-known sporting country squire, residing at Oram House, near Catterick, Yorkshire, matched his pony, Voltigeur, 9½ hands high, to run a man 180 yards for the above sum, the man to be a native of within 35 miles of Catterick Bridge. The match to come off at or near Catterick on the 1st Jan., 1861. From about nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon on the above day, hundreds of people poured into Catterick from all parts of the neighborhood. At about three o'clock the road was completely cleared of snow, &c., the stakes and ropes put up, and Mr. J. was seen holding the pony, who was ridden by Buck, the celebrated light weight, and attended by George Bullock. After cutting about half an hour to waste, the biped appeared on the ground, attended by Mr. C. Hornby, of Stockton, Shaw, of North Allerton, and his backers, two well-known sporting Stocktonians. After the preliminary canters the man toes his mark, and the pony is walked up to it; a pistol is fired as the signal to start, when off bounds the biped with a good five yards start, which he quickly increased to ten, when little Buck sets vigorously to work on the pony, Mr. J calls loudly for him to come on, and Bullock, on another pony, pitches into poor Volti behind, but all of no avail, for the ped went in a gallant winner by about three yards, amidst a scene of the greatest excitement. Several hundreds of pounds changed hands. The Unknown, who is a native of Middleboro'-on-Tees, and who never ran a match previous to this one, states that he will run any of the following men for $25 a side:—He will give White of Berry Edge, five yards in 300; or G. Storry, of Carlisle, can be accommodated 360 yards level; or Straker, of Newcastle, on the same terms.

SEVERAL POPS AT HORNSEY WOOD.—On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28 and 29., there was a great deal of both rifle and pigeon shooting here. A rifle match, by 14 gentlemen, took place for a splendid silver double telescope, purchased by subscription by 20 members, 14 of whom competed for the prize. They had 15 rounds each, at 200 yards range, with rifles of any pattern, and the prize was won by Mr. Lockhart, making 34 points. Several other matches and sweepstakes were shot. The enormous hog, 22 months old, and said to weigh 150st 8lb, was shot for by 12 members, at 5 birds each, distance according to calibre; after some excellent shooting amongst the cracks, and after ties, killing 4 each, Young England won, killing all. A good deal of bye shooting and sweepstakes followed until dark. A match between Messrs. Rowley, Hudson, Seeley, Hudson, V. M., Whitaker, Southwell, and Palmer, for £10 a side, 5-birds, 21 yards rise, 5 traps, both barrels, was won by Mr. Whitaker's party, killing 10 to 7, and in the next, same terms, 10 to 8.

GREAT FOOT RACE, FOR £50.—New Year's Day was appointed for Beddow and Laug to decide their match for £25 a side, at Salford Borough Gardens, Manchester, England. The affair created much interest, and about five hundred persons were present to witness the encounter. The distance to be traversed was 440 yards, Beddow allowing his antagonist 15 yards start, which was to be by report of pistol. Betting commenced at 3 to 1 on Lang, and finished at 6 to 4 on him, but speculation was limited. Mr. Hayes was chosen referee, and on the signal being given, Lang increased his advantageous start before Beddow got away. Within 150 yards of home, however, Beddow had narrowed the gap between himself and his opponent to five yards, but Lang went on, and ran home an easy winner by eight yards. Time, 52 secs.

SALE OF EL HAMI PASHAW'S STUD.—This sale, we hear, was commenced on the 10th of December, at Cairo, Egypt, and continued at intervals of two days. Among others, a stallion, fifteen years of age, and described as having nothing in his favor but a tolerable pedigree, fetched £370. Agents had come to the sale on the part of the Emperors of France and Austria, and the kings of Wurtemburg, Saxony, and Sardinia. No bidders had appeared from England.

DEATH OF TWO RACERS.—The stallion Morning Herald, by Chanticleer—Clarissa's dam, by Glencoe, died of inflammation, at Llwynhelig House, near Cowbridge, Eng., recently; and a few days afterwards, Mr. J. S. Ballard's grey yearling colt, The Grey Dawn (bro. to Rosy Morn), by Morning Herald—Rosina, injured himself so severely in his box, that he was obliged to be destroyed.

OVER RIGHTEOUS.—We learn from the London *Field*, of Jan. 5, that the Duke of Marlborough, who, from the strictness of his religious opinions, is strongly opposed to racing, has forbidden any of his tenants either to let their downs for training horses, or to keep race-horses or greyhounds. This is rather a stroke of despotism, we think.

THE WHOLE DOG.—A new feature in the late annual cattle show at Birmingham, England, was a show of dogs of every known breed. Among other costly dogs was a King Charles spaniel, priced at £500 ($2,500.)

A VETERAN KNIFE GRINDER.—The Brussels journals announce the death of the Nestor of the knife grinders of that city, at the age of 92. This venerable artisan came to Brussels with his father in 1780, and established himself on the Pont d'Or, in the Marche aux-Poissons, where he has worked every day since, in all weathers. He is succeeded in his business by his son, who has passed his seventieth year.

GOVERNING AND GAMBLING.—It is said that the Grand Duke of Baden—the keeper of one of the largest gambling establishments in Europe, in the Grand Duchy of that name—has, by ordinance of December 4, pardoned all the persons were condemned for high treason and rebellion, in 1848 and 1849, and authorizes such of them as are in foreign countries to return home.

A BIG RUN IN A SMALL YACHT.—On Tuesday afternoon, November 13, a small cutter of 20 tons, named the Spray, Capt. E. Wyse, put into Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, for refreshments, on her voyage from Greenock to Hobart Town. She left Greenock on the 5th September, and Lamlash, at the mouth of the Clyde, on the 7th. She was detained a couple of days at Madiera, so that she has made the run to the Cape in sixty five days—a remarkable thing for such a small craft, and reflecting great credit on Capt. Wyse's skill and seamanship.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BEING A RECORD OF WELL FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Dan McCarthy—His Battle with Bob Purcell.

Who e'er's had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

In the neighborhood of St. Giles', Dan M'Carthy, it seems, had often distinguished himself with much notoriety in the numerous skirmishes which so frequently occur in this lively part of the metropolis; but wishing to turn his blows to a better account, and attracted, it is presumed, from the milling success of his countrymen Randall and Reynolds, M'Carthy was induced, as a candidate for pugilistic reputation, to exhibit his pretensions in the prize ring; more especially, as those heroes alluded to had made such a high stand in the boxing circles, under the patronage of Colonel Barton.

M'Carthy is in height 5 feet 8 inches, weighing about 11 stone, and possessing well-proportioned limbs. It appears he offered himself in the ring without hesitation to the notice of the amateurs, on that memorable hoaxing day, when Jack the butcher, attempted to make a fight at the Coventry Farm, on the Hale, in Middlesex; but no person appearing to accept the challenge on the ground, he was shortly afterwards, under the auspices of the gallant Colonel Barton, matched with Purcell, in a twenty-four feet ring, for twenty guineas a side. This contest was decided on Tuesday, January 27, 1818, at Coombewarren, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. M'Carthy being viewed in no other light but as a novice, Purcell was the favorite, 7 to 4. Sir Henry Smith, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Jackson, &c., were upon the ground. The Irishman first appeared and threw up his hat; and was soon followed by his opponent. Purcell was seconded by Oliver and Shelton; and M'Carthy by Randall (by whom he had been once defeated) and Paddington Jones. The usual ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and at a quarter to one the men commenced fighting.

Round 1. On setting-to the Irishman's attitude appeared low, he smiled at his opponent, and seemed rather hurried in flourishing with his fists. Purcell attempted to strike first, but it proved short, when Paddy returned upon the body. They closed, both down, but no mischief.

2. Purcell again hit short, when M'Carthy's right hand found its way to Purcell's nob, and his left almost immediately followed the example; some blows were exchanged, and in closing, both down, but Purcell undermost.

3. This was a good round, and Paddy convinced the ring he meant nothing else but fighting. He hit first, which proved a sharp facer, and Purcell returned upon him slightly. The round was finished by Paddy's going down.

4. M'Carthy, with much gaiety, planted a hit and got away, smiling and pointing his finger at his opponent. With all Purcell's science he did not appear to take the lead. In closing, Purcell undermost.

5. The claret was now seen trickling down the face of Purcell, and his nob at this early stage of the fight seemed quite at the service of the novice. Paddy went down from a slight hit.

6 to 8. In all these rounds Purcell appeared in a secondary point of view; his blows seemed to have no effect on Paddy, while on the contrary, the latter put in severe facers, fibbed him also sharply in one instance, made the claret flow copiously, and ultimately had the best of him.

9. Purcell in this round endeavored to try the Irishman's stuff; which, in opposition to all that might have been urged against his want of knowledge, M'Carthy not only proved himself awake, but cunning, and quite up to the scientific system of prize-fighting. Both down.

10 to 14. In all these rounds Paddy went down, but the face of Purcell did not escape punishment in either of them.

15. Purcell got four facers, and both down.

16. The Irishman hit his opponent round, although he was sent down for it.

17. M'Carthy received a precious snorter, which produced for the first time the claret most copiously, but before he went down he put in a bodier and two facers.

18. In this round the Irishman showed himself off in superior style. He used both his hands with such great facility, that he planted five facers without sustaining a hit. Applause.

19. The face of Purcell had changed materially from the punishment it had received, and M'Carthy again nobbed him so spiritedly that he fought himself down. Loud shouting.

20 to 24. It is true Purcell kept hitting his antagonist, but it was evident to the spectators that he had done no work. Paddy kept facing him and getting away, when Purcell, in following M'Carthy fell down rather weak.

25. The Irishman received a blow upon his right eye that made him wink again, and went down. Purcell was much applauded.

26 to 33. In all these rounds there was a great deal of sameness as to the mode of fighting. The Irishman's fist was never out of Purcell's face, and, in addition, he now put in a dreadful blow on his neck.

34 to 39. The milling was nearly the same. In the thirty-eighth he faced Purcell terribly, and when on the ground laughed at him. In this last round he also exhibited good science, and stopped five blows in succession with the utmost ease. But Paddy went down rather exhausted.

40. This proved a severe round, and Purcell was almost beat to a stand-still; but M'Carthy went down. Two to one on Paddy.

41 to 47. The Irishman down in all these rounds; but he put in the most effective blows.

48 and 49. In the first they closed, and broke away; but Purcell was hit down. In the last Purcell turned round from a sharp hit; but he soon recovered himself and sent Paddy down.

50 to 60. The head of Purcell was now truly terrific; but his game astonished every one. Tom Jones now roared out to M'Carthy to go in and finish the fight. Purcell was sent down.

61 to 69. In all these rounds Purcell was down. In some of them from weakness—in others hit down, and in two instances dreadfully fibbed. His frontispiece had a sort of rainbow appearance; nothing like it had been seen for some time.

70 to 76. In all these rounds Purcell fought well; but his blows did not appear to do any good towards reducing the strength of the Irishman. By comparison he positively appeared a fresh man. In the last round, Purcell received so tremendous a body hit, that his head fell upon his shoulder, he seemed nearly to be in a swoon, and fell down in a state of stupor; but the activity of his seconds, and the potent application of *eau de vie*, enabled him to appear at the scratch in due time.

77 to 79. The fighting in these rounds, was better than could be expected from the state of the combatants, particularly Purcell. He had now little more than his game to rely upon.

80 to 83. One hour and a half had now elasped. Purcell could not protect his nob from the chancery practice of his opponent, although he seemed rather to have the best of these rounds.

84 to 85. In the first round Purcell in making a hit fell from weakness; and in the last, in going resolutely in to smash the Irishman, he received such a sharp nobber that he was floored in an instant. The brandy was again applied to Purcell.

86 to 89. Jones again told Paddy to fight away. The hands of the Irishman were covered with claret from the face of Purcell. The latter put up his hands to his eyes, as if to pull down the swellings, which nearly deprived him of vision.

90 to 93. Weakness on both sides was now the order of the day; but Purcell had the worst of all these rounds. His head, at this period, defied description: it even exceeded the terrific touches of a Fuseli, in the most extravagant traits of distortion. In the last round, Purcell was hit into a state of stupor, from a jump the Irishman made at him, and it was almost past the activity and art of his seconds, assisted by another potent application of brandy, again to get him on his legs. The odds high upon Paddy.

94 to 96. It was nearly any body's battle. Purcell made hits, but without effect; and had the worst of these rounds. It was expected every minute would terminate the event.

97. Strange to observe, Purcell seemed to recruit a little, and floored the Irishman. Thunders of applause—and the Westminster boys threw up their hats.

98 to 103. In all these rounds Paddy was sent down; although Purcell's damaged index got punished in every one of them.

104 to 108. Purcell put up his hands to his mouth on the commencement of every round, as a sort of lucky omen. Paddy was again on the turf in all the above rounds; but he, nevertheless, kept facing his opponent.

109. The Irishman made a successful effort this round; he not only planted a tremendous facer, but caught Purcell in his arms, and fell upon him with all his weight.

110. Purcell was not hasty in coming to the scratch, and Randall called out time. Hugging and both down.

111 to 115. The chancery suit was still practised on Purcell's nob although Paddy went down.

116 to 120. The gameness of Purcell exceeded almost every thing upon record; and such a first appearance in the prize-ring has seldom fallen to the lot of any boxer, as M'Carthy exhibited. The lower part of his face was dreadfully punished, though not in comparison with his opponent, and he has established his character towards making a good Irish trio with Randall and Reynolds. The nobbing system was still kept up by M'Carthy, and in the last round both were down.

121 to 124. Purcell appeared to fight better, he jumped away from some blows directed at him—facers were exchanged between the combatants, but to the advantage of Purcell, who now sent the Irishman down by a severe nobber. Applause.

125 and last. The Irishman left his second's knee, and, in an audible voice, said, "I won't fight any more!" and did not put up his hands. Purcell was in such a state of stupor at this time, that he did not hear him, and hit M'Carthy in the mouth. The latter turned away, but received another blow, before Purcell was made acquainted with the circumstance of his defeat—which, no doubt, was the most joyful moment of his life. Two hours and thirteen minutes had occurred. Both the men were instantly put in coaches and taken off the ground to the nearest inn, where every attention was paid to their necessities, and medical assistance also furnished them without delay.

If gameness alone constituted a first-rate pugilist Purcell possesses that prime quality in a most eminent degree; he has no superior in this respect. He also understands the art of boxing tolerably well—he knows, too, how to get away, and even to go down upon particular occasions; but he is not now a decisive hitter; he cannot finish his man in due time, and relies more upon staying to produce victory than to any other peculiar trait. Purcell won the above fight entirely from bottom, and his conduct throughout was manliness itself. It was the fine picture of a British Boxer. In one word, he is not a punisher: his right hand goes after a few rounds: and even in sparring, he is almost afraid to hit with it. The Irishman showed more of the proficient than the novice, more cunning than awkwardness; and used his fists with more effect than his opponent. Both his hands are continually at work, particularly his left; and he stops with considerable talent. It was an up-hill fight altogether for M'Carthy—he had to meet an experienced boxer—an antagonist two inches taller, and a stone heavier—and he was nearly a stranger to the ring. He is a game man, and with little more practice, it is likely he may make some mischief among his own weight. He ought to have won this battle, and had there been more skill, and less zeal used toward him, M'Carthy could not have lost it. In the first hour of the battle, when he was fresh, he did not fight comparatively, and, in the latter, when he was distressed and should have been kept off, M'Carthy was shoved in, as it were, to mill. This was the glaring error committed—and this error alone gave the victory to Purcell. More counter-hits occurred between the above combatants than in any battle for the last twenty years.

BRITISH SPORTS FOR JANUARY.

FOXES AND FOX HUNTING, &c.

Among the numerous changes that have taken place during the last half century, there is none more striking than the alteration in the habits and manners of the sportsman, who is unlike the hunter and shooter of the days when George III. was King, as the costume of Queen Victoria's reign is from that of Elizabeth. The Squire, Beagle, the three bottle gouty country gentleman, the bibacious clergyman, who realised Chaucer's description of the monk:—

An outrider that loved venerie,
A manly man, to be an abbot able;
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable;

the besotted yeomen of Fielding's times, have long vanished away; female society is no longer outraged with vulgar conversation, coarse sentiments, indecent songs, noisy ribaldry, from men who, if they were not left "under the table as being drunk on the premises," staggered into the drawing room hiccuping out "There's nothing will do but a *reel*." A day with the foxhounds or harriers, a coursing match, or a morning's shooting, always ended in a regular booze, when fines to be paid in bumpers of wine or glasses of salt water were levied, and the minds of the noblest of creation were reduced to the lowest level. In by gone days "hunting clergymen," as they were irreverently termed, were as plentiful as blackberries, and many instances are recorded of their leaving or hurrying over their parochial duties to attend the chase. Indeed, from time immemorial men of holy calling have frequently been devoted to field sports. Looking back to ancient chronicles, we find that the Archdeacon of Richmond, on his initiation to the priory of Bridlington, Yorkshire, in 1216, came attended by ninety seven horses, twenty one dogs, and three hawks. In 1256 Walter de Suffield, Bishop of Norwich, bequeathed by will his pack of hounds to the King; whilst the Abbot of Tavistock, who was also master of a pack, received the Bishop's commands, in 1348, to break it up. A celebrated hunter, contemporary with Chaucer, was William de Clowne, Abbot of Leicester; indeed, so great was his reputation for skill in hare-hunting that the King himself, Edward III., his son the Black Prince, and men of noble rank, paid him an annual pension to hunt with him. Let us now more immediately refer to the out-door amusements of the month, which is one of deep interest to the sportsman, for, if frost does not set in, hunting may be had to perfection, and, under any circumstance, pheasant, hare, wild fowl, and woodcock shooting may be indulged in; while those who are not devoted to the trigger may buckle on their skates, and circulate the blood by active and graceful evolutions on the ice, an amusement which can be traced back in a ruder sort of form to the days when our first Edward annexed to his crown, by somewhat severe measures, the principality of Wales, for in Fitzstephen's description of London, 1282, we find the following account of skating in Moor or Finsbury Fields:—"When that vast lake which waters the walls of the City towards the north is hard frozen, the youths in great numbers go to divert themselves upon the ice. Some taking a small run for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sideways a great way; others will make a large cake of ice, and, seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hand and draw him along, when it happens that moving swiftly on so slippery a plane, they all fall headlong. Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice. They place certain bones (leg bones of animals) under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron, with their hands they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a crossbow." Bones have long since given way to iron, and skating has become one of the most fashionable and universal pursuits of all classes, from the wealthy aristocrat who disports himself in fanciful attitudes on the well-swept frozen surface of the Serpentine to the butcher's lad who, forming line with some kindred spirits, sweeps along at an awful rate, regardless of all before him and of the wide abysses that sooner or later damp his ardor. A hard frost during this month, if not satisfactory to the Nimrods, is of especial benefit to their steeds, who have probably had two months' severe work, and who will reap the greatest benefit from a rest.

From hunters we proceed to offer a few remarks upon the animal that tends so much to the amusement of the sportsman—we allude to Reynard. Among the carnivorous race that now exists in Great Britain the fox is the only one that is strictly preserved; and, despite his nightly depredations, which often end in a total depopulation (if such a phrase can be applied to the gallinaceous tribe) of a whole poultry-yard, and the havoc he makes among the pheasants, partridges, and rabbits, no one with the slightest pretension to respectability would be guilty of that greatest of crimes in the eyes of country gentlemen—vulpicide. It is true that there are some exceptions to the rule; but the contempt with which those guilty of trapping foxes are treated by their neighbors is a sufficient punishment for this unsportsmanlike deed. An active keeper, with an efficient staff under his orders, will (weather permitting) always show a good head of game; and, even if there is a slight falling off in the pheasants, no one will grudge the mephitic poacher, who will return tenfold to the hunter the sport he may have deprived the shooter of. It often happens that depredations are attributed to the quadrupedal poacher which ought to be laid to the bipedal; and Reynard has quite offences enough to answer for without bearing those of others, and who, from the pleasure he affords in the chase, has not been expelled or extirpated, as other wild animals have been—viz., the bear, boar, wild bull, and wolf; and this wily marauder, with a few of the same order, the otter, badger, wild cat, polecat, stoat, marten, and weasel, are still to be found in "merrie England." Exciting as is the "noble science," how much more so must the sport have been when the bony, gaunt, grim, and ferocious wolf, the bold, menacing, wild bull, the tusked boar, the rugged bear, tenanted our hills and forests; and when the pursuit of them could only be carried on by the hardy sons of our island, who possessed stalwart bodies, extreme strength of arm, and stoutness of heart! In the tenth century King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolf, the most cruel and voracious of this noxious race, by commuting the punishment of certain crimes on producing a certain number of wolves' tongues; and in Wales the tax of gold and silver was remitted for an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads. These animals, however, infested Scotland and Ireland many centuries after their extinction in England, one being killed in the former country in 1680, and another in the latter so late as 1710. Innumerable are the stratagems and shifts which the fox employs, not only in seeking his prey, but in his endeavors to baffle the hounds in their pursuit of him. It is a well authenticated fact that this cunning marauder reconnoitres the precincts of the farmyard, makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the arrangements of its buildings, and then noiselessly and stealthily seizes his feathered victims, without disturbing the sleepers, shortly to become his prey. Nor is he less acute in providing for the future, and of laying up a store in case of need; for, having destroyed all sorts of poultry, from the waddling duck to the stately turkey, he hides them in the earth, "there to remain till called for." Numerous are the instances of the wonderful contrivances and artifices employed by Reynard to escape from his well trained pursuers; and, preserving his self-possession, he has been known when sorely pressed to make for a sheepfold to cross, or swim a distance down a brook, to enter drains, dairies, farms, stables, pigsties, and to ascend the stairs of a cottage, or hide himself in a chimney. Among other anecdotes related of the fox's cunning and resolution is the following which, were its veracity not guaranteed by the respectability of the writer, Mr. Egan, would scarcely be credible:—"One of these animals, being hard pressed, rushed into the middle of a flock of sheep, instantly killed one, ripped it open, and concealed himself within it. The huntsman and pack were suddenly all at fault, until, after a variety of casts, a staunch old hound recovered the scent, when poor Reynard was drawn from his hiding-place, and the 'who-hoop' shortly afterwards told the story of the death of the most wily of the vulpine race."—*Ill London News.*

PHYSICAL SUPPORTS OF MORAL POWER.—The room of Chief Justice John Pettit of Kansas, at the hotel in Hiawatha, where he stopped in the course of his circuit, is said to have contained the following extra judicial documents:—"One keg of brandy, four revolvers, four bowie-knives, three flasks of whiskey, and a quantity of cigars and tobacco." When the judge started away, he took all these articles with him in his buggy.

SPOILING A CLIMAX.—"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to an aspiring, but as yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city, who declared he would give five hundred dollars to see you perform Hamlet." "You don't say so!" Fact, I assure you; and what's more, I'm positive he meant it." "By Jove, then, it's a bargain!" cried Higgins: "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?" "Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man." Higgins never spoke to the wretch after that.

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The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
19 LON MORRIS, Manager

THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY
ROBT. LANE,	THOS. JEFFERSON,
G. L. HALL,	G. H. WARRE,
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whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38 tf

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CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
32-tf J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

TO SHOWMEN.—For Sale; Five Panoramas, of the following subjects:—
KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE,
ISLAND OF CUBA,
SCOTLAND,
WAR IN INDIA,
WHALING VOYAGE,
Also Forty Life Size Wax Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan, Jr. The above will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for other property. GEORGE K. GOODWIN, 117 Court street, Boston.
N. B.—Cash paid for rare Animals. 38-tf

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 162 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 31-tf

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TO MANGERS AND ACTORS.—A true American Comedy to be disposed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
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444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
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The largest and best conducted place of amusement in the city.
GREAT ACCESSION OF TALENT.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS.
BALLET, OPERA, BURLESQUE,
Interspersed with Comic and Sentimental Singing, Negro Extravaganzas, Duetts, Vaudevilles, Quartetts, Comicalities, &c., &c., by the largest troupe of artists in America.
Engagement of the favorite and accomplished
MISS MARY PARTINGTON,
Confessedly the best Dancer on the American stage.
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The highly popular Vocalist.
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MONS. LA THORNE.

MISS ADELE KELLER,	MISS MARY BLAKE,
MISS KATE HARRISON,	MISS MILLE FLORA,
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MISS MARY FLORENCE,	MISS IDA DELMONT,

MISS NELLY GRAY.
Together with a complete CORPS DE BALLET and a full and efficient Orchestra, led by Prof F. VON OLKER.
ADMISSION:
Parquet..... 20 cents. | Gallery.....10 cents
Seats in Private Boxes.....50 cents
R. W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 41

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.
45 BOWERY.
PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
With perfect Entertainments, consisting of
SINGING, BALLET DANCING,
ACROBATIC PERFORMANCES,
ETHIOPIAN SONGS, DANCES,
ATHLETIC AND BALANCING PERFORMANCES.
GRAND MINSTREL CHORUS,
By Four Ladies and Four Gentlemen.
BURLESQUE PANTOMIME.
GRAND ASCENSION ON THE TIGHT ROPE
Every Evening,
By the Wonderful Child (six years old)
AGNES
The PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON is undoubtedly the CHEAPEST AND BEST CONDUCTED PUBLIC PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
NEW ATTRACTION—Ten Ladies, in Fancy Dress, are in attendance to wait on our audience.
The GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN is the beauty of all public institutions, not to be surpassed by any building in the world.
COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.
Admission, Six Cents; Reserved Seats, Twelve Cents.
Every Wednesday Evening,
FANCY DRESS BALL.
Tickets 25 cents.
42 O'CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.—WHERE AND WHO ARE THE GLASS BLOWERS?—The only company of glass blowers that have any reputation as artists in that line, are the "Bohemian Troupe," now exhibiting every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, corner of Fulton and Orange streets, at which place they exhibited last season for seventeen consecutive weeks. This Company have on exhibition two low pressure steam engines, and one oscillating engine, all of which are made entirely of glass, and the only ones in the world ever made entirely from that material. As a guaranty of this fact, this company will pay the sum of $15,000 to any person or persons that can produce a duplicate specimen of either of the low pressure engines, and $1000 more will be paid for a fac simile of any specimen of the art made by this well known troupe. This notice, and these rewards, are presented to public attention, as a caution against certain imposters, who are not satisfied with deceiving the public as to their own abilities, but must needs take unto themselves the name and fame of this, the only and original Bohemian troupe of glass workers. This company, composed of American and English artists, adopted the name—"Bohemian Troupe of Glass Workers"—from the fact that they, on their first organization, imported for the first time into the United States, those fine colors in glass which are so famed throughout the world, but through their exertions and scientific directions, the same is now manufactured by the New England Factory, East Cambridge, Mass. This scientific company is composed of the following artists:—G. A. Woodroffe, C. A. Woodroffe, W. Woodroffe, E. Haggarty, C. H. Carling, and Mrs. G. A. Woodroffe. T. M. Barrows accompanies the Troupe as Pianist. E. Taft, Treasurer; C. H. Carling is Agent and Business Manager. 41-4t*

RUSMEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS
RETURNED FROM HAVANA, CUBA.
In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—by death—we were, for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled to forfeit all engagements and leave the Island for home. The misfortune that befel us has caused the management to disorganize until the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent, such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the season of eleven months, will address
41 tf RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

SHOWMEN'S GUIDE,
AND DIRECTORY TO
EXHIBITION HALLS
IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADAS.
This book will be ready for delivery February 1st, 1861. It now has the names of nearly 500 Halls, such as Lyceums, Concert Rooms, Theatres, &c.

HALL OWNERS,	HOTEL PROPRIETORS,
BILL POSTERS,	MUSICIANS,
JOB PRINTERS,	EXHIBITORS,

Or others wishing their address inserted, or those hall owners wishing a description of their Halls, Theatres, or Concert Rooms, made public through the Showmen's Guide, by sending their address, with particulars, to the subscriber, will receive by return mail, a PROSPECTUS of the DIRECTORY.
Remember, I do not ask advertisers to pay money in advance, which is an assurance that the Guide is no humbug. Any showman wishing a copy of the Guide and Directory will receive one on receipt of Four Red Stamps, Free of Postage. Address
WYMAN, Wizard and Ventriloquist,
37 3t Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TROY THEATRE is now being repaired and renovated, preparatory to opening on or about January 27th. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements for a six months season, please address HALL & RIGGS.
Popular Stars treated with on liberal terms. 41-2t*

TO AMATEURS AND OTHERS.—A Young Lady, who has been filling engagements in other cities, and who has just arrived in New York, would be glad to accept engagements in Amateur Associations, where her services would be made generally useful; or, would be happy to assist in Private Parlor Dramatic Entertainments, where her experience in the profession might be made available in superintending the getting up of such theatricals, and in which she would also, if desirable, assume whatever characters the case might require. A line addressed to
40 3t J. I., CLIPPER Office, will receive immediate attention.

MISS ELISE DeCOURSEY, a Lady competent for Leading Business, is at present in Philadelphia, and anxious for an engagement. She is well and favorably known throughout the South and West as an excellent Actress. She is a pupil of that great actor, JAMES WALLACK. In such pieces as the "Jewess," "Green Bushes," "Don Cæsar," "Mathilde," "Agnes De Vere," and "Daughter of the Star," she is unapproachable. Managers wishing to negotiate for this Artist, either as Star or Stock, will address
COL. T. ALLSION BROWN,
40 3t* City Item Office, Philadelphia.

AN ENGAGEMENT AS ADVERTISING AGENT WANTED, by an experienced person. Will engage till April only. Communications from "Stars" or first class Exhibitions may be sent to
ADVERTISER,
39 Care of New York CLIPPER.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, having returned to Philadelphia, after a successful season in Baltimore with Mons. Blondin and Madigan & Co.'s Circus, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item" Office, Philadelphia, will reach him. 39 3.*

T. M. TYRRELL, Tragedian and Comedian, is now prepared to negotiate with responsible managers for the spring and summer season. Address Box 478 P. O., North Attleboro', Mass. 42 3t*

MANAGERS, LESSEES, &c., wishing to engage J. A. COLEMAN, Comedian and Comic Vocalist, will please address
42 1t J. A. COLEMAN, Philadelphia P. O.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY—A first class Singing Chambermaid. None others need apply. Engagement to be for the remainder of the season. Apply, by letter, to FRANK RIVERS,
42 1t Proprietor Philadelphia Melodeon.

MINSTRELS NOTICE.—Mr. CHARLES WHITE respectfully solicits the following gentlemen to forward their respective ages to the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, to be associated with others of the profession, in a useful work which he, Mr. WHITE, is now compiling. Question. How old were you last birth day? Answer, and address to CHARLES WHITE, CLIPPER office, 2d AND street N. Y.
The undersigned will please answer:—Thos. McNally, Geo. Rea, John W. Adams, Chas Abbot, Dan Gardner, Mr. Haslem, Byrne Christy, Mast Chas Rents, Frank Wells, Charles Payne, E. J. Melville, R. Abecco, Charles Bovee, J. E. Green, W. R. Warner, J. G. H. Shorey, Mr. Basquin, Pop Jones, Johnny Booker, Mob Turner, William Donaldson, Lewis Donnelly, and E. Milliken. 40-3t*

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Billy Birch, T. L. Jacobs, J. Clark, W. B Weston, Tony Pastor, Miss Nellie S. Norton, and Mrs. Amy Davenport Everett.

☞ We have received several communications, asking for theatrical information, which we will answer in our next.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, January 28, 1861.

"Always the same!" This will be generally recognised as an old fashioned motto inscribed upon watch seals and signet rings, associated with the device of an evergreen branch, expressive, like the words, of continuity. We have such a seal and signet ring belonging to us, and having recently glanced hurriedly on them, we are reminded of the applicability of the legend and the pictured token they encircle, to the professions of many of our theatrical lessees, a few of whom we may locate not many miles from New York. Judging from what these worthies protest, it is "always the same" with them. Come panics, come political excitements of all kinds, or come revolution itself, it is of no account whatever to our theatric magnates partial to the publication of florid bulletins. Their present novelties, like the novelties that have preceded them, are certain of "enthusastic receptions," and "repetitions until further notice;" while their "blazes of triumph" and "galaxies of beauty" are progressing to the concentrated blaze and perfected beauty only to be found in an ideal Elysium. But this is not all. There is the *material* aspect of the subject—the dollars and cents—which, as a matter of course, can only be guaged on the number of heads (not "dead" ones, be it understood) which are counted in the front of the theatre. Here, essentially, the principle, "always the same," is obvious. Thus, if (as stated in the bills) three thousand persons have been "comfortably seated" in a house built only to hold two thousand, and all by the scientific packing of "gentlemanly ushers," under the instruction of an "urbane treasurer"—if, we say, this has been done in the best and the most favorable of weather, and when a novelty was quite fresh; lo and behold! it is repeated when the weather is of the worst possible description, and the piece lately vamped up from some indifferent original, or newly imported from Europe, is in waning condition, and suggestive of the "pale and yellow melancholy" which afflicts dramas as well as our fair Olivias. The past few weeks have illustrated this sort of thing very strongly, so far as a few of our self styled fashionable theatres are concerned. Spite of the rubbing away of the gilt of newness from productions on the road to middle age; spite, too, of weather more conducive to influenza and shocking bad coughs than anything else—the natural results of which have been visible in thinned chairs and benches in the aforesaid theatres, or their part occupancy by those whose principle is not to "pay"—the grand proclamation has been repeated from week to week—94 000 *people* on the 19th; 112 000 on the 26th, showing the usual average of 3 000 people per night! The circumstances associated with these figures have been harmonious with the same. So mighty is the rush for "places" that the lessee, out of consideration for his patrons," has arranged to have the box book kept open "ten days in advance;" and in particular cases, it is even hinted that police aid will be invoked to render every facility to the folks who come to purchase their tickets from the man in the box. Alas! that any person should consent to show themselves in such a motely guise as this! Turn to the truth in the matter under discussion, and what is it that we see? Plainly, a dozen indications of a "downward tendency" in the affairs of these fashionable theatres, notwithstanding the *beau ideal* comedians, intense tragedians, lovely females, and music inspiring conductors; to leave out of the list those expressive blanks round the circles where gas lights once shone in all their glory. Can the change be wondered at? ought it to be deplored by the still wealthy lessees? We say no; and insist that the sympathies of the same lessees should be enlisted on the occasion—first, for the friends who are absent; secondly, for those who still pay to come, notwithstanding the several tokens of deteriorated *physique*, alternating in coughs and sneezings, the sweet notes of the musicians or the fine passage of an actor; in the latter instance, probably at the very turn of the piece, where a "yes" or a "no" determines all that has gone before. These are the unavoidable concomitants, of even the most "fashionable" theatres, at the present season of the year. But when spring is with us, and the public pulse is quieter than it is now, and coughs and colds are less numerous, doubtless we shall have a change—such a change, indeed, as will, in some measure, palliate, if it cannot quite excuse, the pretence of "always the same," in regard to 3,000 persons per night in a single theatre.

Secession, snow squalls, slosh, and New York mud, all combine to tax the patience and pockets of the gentlemen who cater for our amusement. By the most strenuous exertions, assisted by a lavish distribution of "free passes" on stormy evenings, managers have managed to "keep up appearances" thus far, but there is no concealing the fact that the "treasury box" is becoming tighter and tighter every day, and cash pay ont-able is beginning to get the whip hand of receipts at the box office. Retrenchment is the rule, and "utility" and "walking" people are forced to make "concessions" to demands from head quarters, or walk the plank. "Properties" are even curtailed of their just proportions, and where fowl most fair were wont to decorate the "banquet table" in happier days gone by, wooden chickens from the Nutmeg State are now forced to do duty at the "festive board." It's a hard cut for the "light comedian" who used to make a meal off the Simon Pure article; and "going through the motions" at table, over exaggerated and imaginary dishes of "solid food," is not at all calculated to improve a man's digestion, however much it may increase his appetite. Pullet is pullet now-a-days, and hens are not so prolific as they were before South Carolina seceded. Ah! the Palmetto State has much to answer for, and many a man will fail with a full pocket, and lay his "misfortunes" at her door. We trust, however, that none of our theatrical managers may find it convenient or necessary to cry *peccavi* during this period of stagnation. All things considered, amusements at the North have had a fair share of patronage since the South C. bubble burst upon us, with all its fire and fury, and devastating influences; but the end is not yet, and it is hard to foretell what a day may bring forth.

Last week, business was fair to middling—good on the clear evenings, but with a "downward tendency" on the offs or inclement nights, on which latter occasions managers' countenances wore anything but a calm and benign expression. Treasurers, too, who are supposed to be always bland and smiling, looked care-worn and weary; and the ushers, even, were dejected and down-cast, indicative of serious apprehensions of a cutting down of salaries. Forrest's nights, at Niblo's, were, as usual, big, and there is no telling when this extraordinary engagement shall terminate. Our friends in "the provinces" expected to see the "eminent" among them long ere this, in hopes that the engagement might carry them through the season without material loss. As our Christian fellow-citizens would say, however, "their loss is our gain," and though it is hard to stand by and witness the sufferings of our neighbors, yet must we bear in mind the venerated adage that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." So we presume the "greatest living tragedian" will "continue to abide and be with us, season without end," and so forth; our provincial cousins to the contrary, notwithstanding.

On Forrest's off nights at Niblo's, Prof. Anderson—"Wizard of the North," as he once took such pride in styling himself—has appeared as Rob Roy, in the operatic drama of that name, and in which character he has created a very unfavorable impression. He was supported by a portion of the late Cooper Opera Troupe, embracing Miss Annie Kemp, Brookhouse Bowler, and Ainsley Cook; also by the usual "full strength of the company," in addition to Harry Pearson, and a portion of the Professor's offspring. The operatic portion of the drama was well given, and though "the Andersons *have* rendered some service to the country," the Professional part of the family of that name didn't seem to render much service to the drama of Rob Roy. Playing character parts is quite another business to that of playing sleight of hand and such like tricks, and the late "Wizard of the North" mistakes his abilities when he changes the latter for the former. "The Andersons" closed their very brief season on the 26th. The operatives, with Madame Anna Bishop added, contemplate giving a series of English operas here.

"The Lady of St. Tropez" is helping them along at Wallack's, and has thus far done fairly. The manager says, in his advertisements, "grand success, never before equalled;" but managers say a great deal in these times that they do not mean. We have to grant extra license and indulgences since South Carolina went out, and every allowance must be made for managerial exaggeration. The "Lady" is on for the current week. Nothing new concerning the new house up town.

The Melodeon Concert Hall, which closed a few weeks ago, owing to the concern owing more than it could pay, was re opened on the 26th, under the management of James Swibert. Is James a veritable Swibert, or is he an old friend under a new name? And is he also empowered to "settle all outstanding accounts?"

No change at Laura Keene's. "The Seven Sisters" spectacle reached its sixty-third night on the 26th inst., with fair prospects of a continuance of the same. The gentle Laura proclaims that "eighty-five thousand persons have seen the piece;" and who dare dispute it? Not we. That other "spectacular spectacle" is being hurried forward, in order to take the place of the Sisters when secession becomes actually necessary. Roberts, the scenic artist, is busily engaged in brushing away, and giving his new scenery a coat of many colors.

Dan Bryant has been taming horses by an entirely new system, and the hall of minstrelsy in which these "practical lectures" have been given, has been well filled on each occasion of the delineations of the "Bryant process." Oh! its killing to see Dan in this great business. Rarey is nowhere in comparison with the immaculate Dan, and his entire horses. Dan challenges Rarey, or "any other man" in subduing vicious animals. Go see him.

The last day performance of the New Orleans Circus, at the Old Bowery Theatre, took place on the 26th inst. As one of the unmistakable signs of the hard times, a "complimentary benefit" is announced for this evening, in favor of Mr. E. L. Tilton. Spalding & Rogers have not done much better here than their Amphitheatre in New Orleans has done with Dan Rice's Show.

Its kinder shaky at the Museum about now, notwithstanding the large number of free tickets given by Barnum for the benefit of the Kansas sufferers.

The Italian Opera Troupe have divided the week between the New York and Brooklyn Academies, and the Brooklynites have come off first best in the tussle. Miss Hinkley, otherwise "Irch," made her *debut* at both houses last week, and is pronounced a good egg; not putting on too many foreign airs, and just about sufficient of native graces. She made her *debut* in New York on the 23d, and in Brooklyn on the 26th. The troupe now alternating between the two Academies, is composed of Miss Hinkley, Mme. Colson, Miss Adelaide Phillips; Signors Brignoli, Ferri, Colletti, and Steffani. Another *debutante* is underlined—Signorina Elena. So far the troupe has got along without a fight. And thereby hangs a tale of two cities.

Edwin Booth is in the second week of his second engagement at the Winter Garden.

Signor Carito, the man monkey, who was announced to perform with Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels last week, did not appear, in consequence, as the bills inform us, of the Signor's "indisposition." Was the man monkey really under the weather, or was there a "diversity of opinion" between the monkey and the manager? One of Griffin's farces was brought in as a substitute, and Ben Colton's Cum Plung Gum, Unsworth's Irish Negroisms, and Campbell's beautiful ballads sufficed to make up an entertaining programme.

American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, is a live institution, and the manager seems to fully understand his business. New attractions are constantly being produced, and fresh performers added to the company. A truly excellent ballet troupe is one of the great features here, with the well known and favorite Mary Partington in the principal solo dances. In the various departments of singing, eccentricities, etc., etc., there is no flagging, and the entire entertainment passes off with spirit. The attendance continues large.

Blondin is not very particular as to where he walks. Commencing his terrific rope walking performances near the great Cataract of Niagara, then trying Jones' Woods, Circuses, Theatres, etc., the templates leaving for England shortly.

Among the arrivals here last week were Avery Smith, of Circus renown; Old Adams' grizzly bears, and Barnum's great black sea lion.

On Monday night we visited the "Canterbury," 663 Broadway, to assist at the *debut* of Mons. Blondin, the unapproachable and most daring tight rope performer in the world. At the urgent solicitation of the Messrs. Fox and Curran, he consented to a short engagement previous to his taking leave of America, where he has created an immortal renown by his *exploits miraculeux* over the boiling chasm of Niagara. The hall, which is walled all round with monster square and oval mirrors, was densely filled long before the time of performance, at the trio prices, 35, 25, and 15 cents per head. At about eight o'clock, Dave Braham struck up his optime band with some choice popular airs, and the show was commenced. The company is composed of the best stock the foreign market affords, the tendency for which has created for this place a speciality of visitors. Herp is the sedate, but uncommonly droll son of Momus, Sam Cowell, in his own particular budget of songs, as Lord Lovel, William Barlow, Bacon and Greens, Rat Catcher, Boot Black, Villikins and his Dinah, Farcical Sea, and so forth, whom you never tire of listening to; on this night he was exceedingly funny, and gave a medley of a dozen or more songs of all kinds, and finished with a grand break-down, which all should see to appreciate. Can't dance, eh? Why, Sam's a second Taglioni, when he's in the mind. J. H. Ogden, the Irish Ambassador, who has been playing here for five or six months, still keeps the tables in a roar by his litigant chirruping, spachifying, and dancing, in all of which he is inimitable; amongst other yarns he told of a naval engagement, wherein a Quaker and an Irishman figure, the former protesting and quoting Scripture against war, and the latter shaking in his trowsers at the bare idea of broadsides and bomb-shells. On the enemy attempting to board the ship, however, Broadbrim was the first to show fight by chopping off the first man's hand and pushing him overboard, with the remark, "Friend, thou art not wanted here." Pat in the meantime had stowed away in a cask of butter, and a hot 'un coming in contact and melting it, caused him to rush bravely on deck with the cry that there was no danger, for "it was only butter they were firing!" J. H. is doing finely, by attending to business (practical jeweller) in the day, and entertaining his friends at night. Billy Allen has been added to the "darks," and does the "Essence" to an alepice. The Brothers Donaldson do the posturing, acrobatic and Herculean feats, assisted by little Don, who is similar in appearance to Prof. Orrin's youngster. Mr. Velarde, in "le Pas Ongrois," introduces a novel and attractive style of dancing, in a series of rapid circuits and dead halts, and get encored nightly for it. The sisters, Julia and Jenny Christine, deserve to be called sylphs or fairies, and in their Double Zingarella the attitudes assumed are quite bewitching. The other dancers are old favorites, and still hold their own, viz: the sensation Mlle. Marietta, of the Ravels; Annie Chester and Mlle Jennie; and Mlle. Clara, at the head of the *corps de ballet*, comprising a dozen divine-looking creatures in all the attractions of silk hose and summer dresses. Mons. and Mme. Montanari, operatic vocalists and pantomimists, are really talented, and please as highly as ever. Wambold and Ross, with little Michael and the two petite ladies, Rachel and Louise, complete the company. Blondin, however, has been the great feature of the week, and we've had him in all his wonderful feats, in the Wooden Shoe Dance; the thrilling Chair Feat, sitting, standing and dancing upon the chair while resting on the rope; backward and forward Somersaults; foot to foot; vaulting over burning candles; playing the violin, dancing, turning over, and landing on his feet; also a reveille on the drum, with somersaults and dancing—the last two astounding tricks being performed without a balance-pole, and without making a false note or rap. After which he made the grand ascension from stage to gallery, and executed many of the daring feats performed by him over the boiling chasm of Niagara, as standing on his head, lying down, poising on one foot, balancing with one hand, turning somersaults, walking backwards, and concluding by walking the whole length blindfolded and enveloped in a sack, in which he made a little merriment by pretending to slip once in a while, and assuming all shapes to recover his balance, now trembling all over and then nearly tumbling backwards. In the first part he was attired in the Zouave costume, and the second that of an Indian, with moccasins, wristlets and girdle, all woven with beads, and wearing a crown of variegated feathers—the only extra ornament being the massive gold medal presented by the Prince of Wales, which was hung on his left side. He has drawn crowded houses nightly, and none should miss the opportunity of seeing this eighth wonder of the world, an excellent sketch of whose life appeared in our last issue, from the pen of T. Allston Brown. Too much cannot be said of the enterprising managers, who spare no expense in securing the best of talent, and purpose making the Canterbury a permanent institution of this city. A magnificent offer was made to Mme. Anna Biship for a six weeks' engagement, to give one song each evening, but the lady refused. Still, it goes to show that nothing is left undone towards having the very best artists to be got.

On the evening of the 24th ult., Mr. Charles Dillon, a well known actor on the English stage, made his first appearance in this country, at the Winter Garden, in the character of Belphegor, in the piece so named. On occasions like the above when a vast amount of newspaper criticism, not to omit arrant "puff," has preceded and accompanied the arrival of a professional new to this part of the world, we are always cautious to prepare ourselves for strict impartiality. It must be confessed that it is difficult to thoroughly succeed in this, for the very reasons of the conflict we are submitted to; first, in the natural desire, we feel, to give the stranger a hearty welcome, and, if he is not found up to the mark, to judge leniently; secondly, that our better judgement may not be diverted to the side of severity, through a pre-supposition, that all the fine things we have heard about the stranger are what the so called criticisms of newspapers too frequently are—mere bosh. We confess ourselves to have been struggling between the horns of this dilemma, on the evening when Mr. Dillon came before us, as the representative of a part requiring much of both a physical and mental complexion, and in which, correctly speaking, the only alternative to great success, is lamentable failure. We are glad to say, however, that the ordeal we had prepared for ourselves soon ceased to trouble us—the unequivocal fitness of the actor from England for the post he represented being cheerfully acknowledged by us. In those commonly accepted qualifications for the stage, face, figure, and voice, Mr. Dillon has been greatly favored. The face, though not what people term handsome, is a good "visage for the the lamps" (to use a technicality); at the same time, it must be confessed that his figure is more than ordinarily good—the same with his voice, which, beyond a striking melody of tone, is susceptible of those varied changes which impart so much power to the mimic scene. Mr. Dillon is besides an accurate dresser, and in the picturesque garb of the mountebank he enacted, realised to the idea, the man himself. The action of the piece, as every play goer knows, is essentially of the melo dramatic cast, Belphegor himself being the centre of all; and we are only doing bare justice to the actor from the "other side," when we declare that, in each scene, even in each passage, he was equal to his task—forcing the conviction on us, that, in melo-drama, his signal speciality is to be found. Mr. Dillon, we are aware, frequently assumes characters in the more legitimate muse, in which we yet hope to have an opportunity for judging him, but that he is the best in the more marked and less subtle line of characters, of which that of Belphegor is a sample, is a conviction strong within us. His *debut* at the Winter Garden, on the 24th ult., was really a successful one; and we deem the best summary we can give of his entire performance will be found in our general comparision of it with the like assumptions of the elder James Wallack in his primest days.

Our friend of the Daily *Times* record the following of the great showman:—"A public joke at P. T. Barnum's expense is not an every-day luxury. P. T. B. for many years having had the laugh on the other side. But at length the Prince of showmen has been shown a trick that he did not know before, and the hero of the occasion has been, as is very usual on such occasions, a son of the Emerald Isle. It seems that Barnum, a few days ago, was in a great hurry to be shaved, and entered his ordinary place of tonsorial resort under the Park Hotel; but all the operatives were engaged, and one other customer—a great brawny Irishman, just landed, and with a beard and head requiring very extensive attention—stood between the exhibitor of the 'What-is it?' and his turn as 'next.' 'I am in a hurry, my good man!' said Phineas T., addressing Pat; 'and if you will give me your turn I will pay for what you want done here.' 'All right,' responded the delighted Irishman; and the showman was soon shaved and on his way to keep his engagement, merely saying, as he left the door, to the proprietor of the saloon, 'Do what this man wants,' pointing to the exile of Erin, 'and charge it to me.' No sooner was he gone than Patrick took off his "trusty," and a thick cotton neck tie, at the same time asking the barber, 'Now tell me all you do?' 'Why, sir,' responded the tonsorial operative, 'we shave, cut, and curl hair, shampoo and bathe.' 'All right, then,' said Pat; 'do all them things to me. Sorra wan of me knows what they mane, but as he said he'd pay for them, just do them all, an' God bless you!' The barber saw the joke and did as requested, putting the big Irishman through all the processes, and bringing him out so pleasantly altered that he scarcely knew himself. We leave our readers to imagine Barnum's face next morning, when the proprietor of the saloon handed him a bill!—'For shaving Irishman, 10 cents; cutting his hair, 15 cents; curling it, 25 cents; shampooing it, 25 cents: and bathing Irishman, 25 cents—total for Irishman, $1 10.' Barnum at once acknowledged the corn—gave a receipt for the manze; but he is after the Irish exile, and swears, if he catches him, that he will place him cheek by jowl, between the 'What Is It?' and the Aztec children."

We visited the exhibition of the Bohemian Glass Blowers, in Brooklyn, a few evenings since, and were alike gratified by the specimens

Bowery, the cry is "still they come," not, however, referring to the approach of a hostile force, but to the influx of a numerous host of admirers, whose delight the varied and excellent performances there are sure of eliciting. There is lots for the money, and what is better, every thing is good.

The brig *Herald*, from Havana, arrived at this port, on the 24th ult., having on board old Adams' California Menagerie of bears and other wild animals of the Western continent, including a large, black sea lion. Barnum has engaged the collection, and fitted up a new saloon for its reception, in connection with his Museum. The exhibition of these strangers will most likely prove a *roaring* entertainment.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Charley Backus joined Wilson and Morris' Minstrels during their recent visit to Cleveland, Ohio. Charley was already known to the folks of that city, by whom he was warmly welcomed, in his old speciality of a grotesque imitator.

The Parker Family performed recently in Lancaster, Pa., and proceeded thence to other towns in the State. The following comprise the company: Messrs. Joseph Parker, Theodore Hamilton, Jerry Taylor, John Proctor C. O. Newton, R. Butler, and J. Perry, Jun.; Miss Jo ephine Parker, Mrs. Helen Muzzy, Mrs. Amelia Butler, Miss Julia Parker, and La Petite, danseuse. The performances are a mingling of melo-drama, singing, dancing, and operatta.

Last week, Mr. Frank Whitman, an actor who had long been suffering from a softening of the brain, was removed from his residence in the neighborhood of Boston, to the McLean Asylum, in the same place.

The death of Alfred Bunn, the celebrated English manager, has reminded us of a very interesting and characteristic anecdote related in his book upon the stage, if not in the following words, to the following effect:—On a particular night, King William the Fourth, then paying a state visit to Drury Lane Theatre, one of the illegitimate though recognised sons of the monarch, known as Lord Frederick FitzClarence, evidently under the effects of agitation, requested Bunn to show him to a particular room behind the scenes. The request was complied with; when the nobleman, in official attendance on his father, and wearing his uniform as a general in the army, and the diamond decorations of the Hanoverian and Black Eagle of Prussia Orders, informed the manager that the apartment in which they were standing was once the dressing room of his mother (Mrs. Jordan, the famous actress), and that the last time he had been in it, was just before the final separation of his parents, "It was before I wore these gew-gaws," said Lord Frederick, deeply affected, pointing to his decorations; "and I shall never see it after this night." Bunn, in stating these particulars, very sensibly added, that he could not help comparing this incident in the life of a distinguished man, with the many manifestations of emptiness and arrogance he had witnessed on the part of the successful empirics his position brought him in association with.

Col. S. S. Rankin & Co. cater largely for the large crowds who nightly attend the concerts of the American Colloseum. Among the company we find the following artists: Miss Ada Tasman, Julia Price and Miss Nagle; Mr Carter, the Irish vocalist and clog-dancer; Mr. J. Kelchner, Jones, Brittner, and Professor Bachelor as pianist; also Tom Mead, the negro comedian, and our old friend Jake Search as violinist. May success attend them.

The Union Minstrels were performing at Jeffersonville, Ind., last week. They comprise Nick Ryan, formerly of Newburgh, N. Y.; Mike Phelan, Dan Trotter, W. W. Patherson, Sam. Messenger, Dan. Cleveland, C. W. Campbell, Jim Gray and A. Peel. This week they are travelling South.

We regret to hear that the Academy of Music at Providence, R. I., under the management of Mr. A. Macfarland, has been doing indifferently, notwithstanding the endeavors that have been made to popularize the drama there. Bourcicault's "Colleen Bawn" is announced for speedy production. Perhaps that piece, so unsuccessful elsewhere, will turn the balance in favor of the theatre in dicated.

Marteria & Co.'s Union Varieties was at Decatur, Ill., on the 21st and 22d ult., Pana 23d, Shelbyville 24th, Mattoon 25th, Charleston 26th, proceeding thence to Paris on the 28th, and Terre Haute 29th, 30th and 31st.

Oney Hart, sword-swallower and stone-eater, is with Booker & Evarts' Southern Minstrels, now travelling in the West. It is more than probable, we hear, that he will be in New York about the beginning of April.

On the 7th of January, the interior of Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was thrown into a state of great excitement, owing to the escape of the whole of the lions, the property of Mr. Crockett, from their dens, near the stage. A little before eight o'clock in the morning, the attendants were startled by the loud roaring of the animals, but after a time, paid no further attention to it, the noise being far from uncommon. By-and-bye, however, the roaring grew louder, and the men viewed with consternation, one of the lions struggling with a man named Jarvey, a yard helper in the establishment. Mr. Crockett's animal keeper was sent for, and arrived very promptly, but not having the Rarey power of taming, could only look on, with the others, at the infuriated lion, running about the stage, with his victim, apparently dead, in his mouth. In this dilemma, Mr. Crockett, who had just appeared, caught up a stable fork, with which he dealt the lion a heavy blow on the side of the neck. This caused the animal to loosen his hold, and let the man go. But, instead of going quietly away, he turned on Mr C., as though about to take a fatal spring. A second powerful blow turned the fortunes of the combat, and caused the lion to retreat hastily. Surgical aid was then sought for poor Jarvey, but before the arrival of the gentleman summoned, life was found to be entirely extinct. Meanwhile, three of the lions had been running about the theatre. A lioness was the first found, and consequently the first sought to be secured; but this was not accomplished without great pains; Mr. Crockett having a long and a devious run after her—coming up with the animal in a private box; when, a strong collar having been fastened around her neck, she was pulled from her position by the aid of a number of ropes. From the private box, Mr. Crockett saw another of the animals p aying on the stage, fantastically arrayed in ribbons and other stage properties. With little difficulty, he was brought back to quietude. Presently, the third lion was found. It was supposed that the accident resulted from the circumstance of one of the lions, in ill health, being parted from its companions. Seeking to rejoin them, a partition and some iron bars were broken down, and the animal thus freed, became angry, and hence the fatal effect.

The irrepressible "Squire Bancroft" has perpetrated another violence on English versification. His atrocity, an acrostic on London pantomimes, appeared in the *Era* of the 6th inst. We append it:—

L ong is the list of them, and boisterous the fun,
O 'erbrimming with atrocious puns near every one;
N either to a rival the hard-fought palm will yield,
D etermined each to be first favorite in the field.
O f course 'tis usual all should claim to be the best,
N ovelty over, that Father Time will soon test.

P erhaps you've seen some of them, if not, pray do so:
A n excellent choice would be ROBINSON CRUSOE;
N o one should fail, if in London a dweller,
T o see PETER WILKINS and poor CINDERELLA;
O thers—tastes most exacting are catered for well—
M ay go to *Her Majesty's* or see CHRYSTABELLE;
I n TIMOUR THE TARTAR, *Robson's* great I have heard,
M any praise BLUE BEARD; others QUEEN LADYBIRD.
E nd now I must tho', wishing tricks, jokes, and puns,
S incerely at all houses successful long runs.

The following items from our regular correspondent, *Adelphi*, would have been inserted in our last week's issue had they been received in time:—Pittsburgh, Jan 18th—FRIEND QUEEN: I herewith forward you a short abstract of two weeks' jottings. Things theatrical are dismal enough here, just now; the receipts have fallen off greatly since the holiday season, and although Mr. Henderson has been energetic in his endeavors to cater successfully for the dramatic tastes of our community, his efforts meet with no adequate reward. So much for the secession panic. The annual benefits of the stock have commenced. Miss Anna Levering had hers on the 7th inst., appearing as Romeo, to the Juliet of Mrs. Henderson. Mr. M. Ward, the talented young scenic artist, followed on the 9th; Sig. Duvalli and Jas. S. Maffitt volunteering. The week was filled up with "Richard the Third," "Carpenter of Rouen," and "sich like;" Mr. D. Hanchett sustaining the leading characters in his usual manner. Monday evening last, the 12th of January, was set apart for a "night" to Mr. J. E. Carden, who chose "Ingomar, the Barbarian," and "Ben Bolt" as the bill of entertainment. His impersonation of the former character was really good; but Rags, in "Ben Bolt," was not quite the thing. This gentleman, though but a few years on the boards, displays undoubted talent, and has made a host of friends and admirers here. For a benefit to Mr. Lionel Bernard, the clever comedian of the company, the sensation drama of "Woman in White" was produced in splendid style on the 14th. The *ben-ficiaire* was cast as Fred. Fairlie, in which he appeared to advantage, though the character is somewhat out of his line. The remaining characters were generally well played. Great care has been bestowed upon the mechanical agencies, and Mr. Ward, in his labor with the brush, has acquitted himself well. The house was respectably filled. The play was repeated last night, and is posted for this evening. To-morrow night, Mr. Hanchett has a benefit. The tragedy, written expressly for him, entitled "Ardvoirlick: or, the Battle of Tippermuir," and the drama of "Seven Escapes of Adelaide of Dresden," constituted the bill.....Hughey Fitzgerald took a benefit at the Varieties, on Wednesday evening last, the 16th, netting a neat sum. Misses Kate and Julia Hamilton, S. S. Purdy, and J. W. Corcoran commenced engagements at this house last week. The latest novelty is that of William Baker, or, as he styles himself, the "Red Man of Agar." Not having seen him, I cannot speak of his "astonishing performances." House doing well.....At the Galeties, the attractions of the current week have been "Jack Robinson and his Monkey," and the pantomime of "Frisky Cobbler and Lively Sailor"—Mr. Maffitt as Frisky. Billy Burke, of "My Mary Ann" notoriety, and Alex Hunter, door keeper, took a benefit jointly last night. Rousing house.....Mr. Hambujer, the *would-be* wizard, has been holding forth at Concert Hall, some eight or ten days. If this person is not an adept in his profession, he understands fully the process of "wool-pulling;" consequently he has done a tolerably good business.....The panorama of Kansas, exhibited at Masonic Hall, four evenings last week. Houses moderate.....P. H. Klein has obtained possession of the house on the corner of Fifth and Smithfield streets, formerly the Court of Exchequer, and opened it last night as a Concert Saloon, with a few performers—Dick M'Gowin, stage manager. It is called the Melodeon Hall.....Our lovers of cork opera are on the *qui vive*, in expectation of the advent here of Wilson & Morris' Minstrels. They open on Monday evening next at Masonic Hall, continuing one week. I predict a "big" business.

We hear that theatrical business is improving in Galveston, Texas, where, though the theatre is a very inferior sort of building, some really good actors are engaged—among them, Messrs. John English, Wallis and Davis, and Misses Fannie Pierson and Edwards. The Draytons were there recently and did poorly, but better in Houston.

Speaking of the sometimes ridiculous arrangement of words wedded to theatrical and other music, a contemporary adduces the following example; though derived from an ecclesiastical source, it is intended to illustrate a general absurdity:—

"Ran down his beard, and o'er his head—
Ran down his beard—
————his robes
And o'er his robes—
Ran down his beard—ran down his
————o'er his robes—
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard—
Ran down his——
— ————o'er his robes,
Ran down his beard—
————h i s b-e a r d—
Its costly moist—
Ran down his beard—
—ure—beard—his—beard—his shed—
Ran down his beard—his—down
His robes—its costly moist—his beard
—ure shed—his—cost—his—robes—ure shed
Its c-o s-t-l-e moisture— —shed!"

Adah Isaacs Menken concluded her engagement at the Portland (Me.) Theatre on the 19th ult. While there she was far from idle, as a glance at her bills will testify. Among her assumptions were those of Widow Cherly, a protean budget in the "Day in Paris," ditto in "Satan in Paris;" Lola Montez, Polly Crisp, and Geo. Barnwell. These, with many more, and a variety of singing and dancing, comprised an olio which a less irrepressible lady than Mrs. Menken would hesitate in attempting.

Burtis' Varieties are wintering in Salt Lake.

Gardiner & Adams' Southern Minstrels performed at Griffin, Geo., on the 16th and 17th ult.

Col. Orr, Geo. Frost, Charley Frost, and Major Webb, the Living Skeleton, were recently sojourning in Connersville, Penn.

Davlin's Varieties have gone into winter quarters in Indianapolis. They will be on hand again in the spring, with additional curiosities.

Mr. Wm. H. Gunn, property man at the Louisville Theatre, was recently married to Miss Theresa Jane Wooster, member of the company.

Recently, the manager of the Louisville Theatre gave a benefit to the poor of the city, on which occasion $300 was netted—the performers volunteering their services.

In view of the centenary of the settlement of the town of Lebanon, N. H., on the 4th of next July, it is in contemplation to have some theatric or show exhibition there—a good suggestion which we should be much pleased in seeing borne out.

A new song, called "A Southern Marseillaise," and dedicated to the minute men of that section of country, was recently sung by Annie Milner, of the Cooper Opera Troupe, at Columbia, S. C. It is said to be the composition of Mr. H. C. Cooper, who is very justly censured for his attempt to instill disunion sentiments in the minds of the people.

A band of minstrels has been organised in Savannah, Geo., under the name of the Palmettos: consisting of James T. Murphy, bones and Ethiopian comedian; B. L. Jackson, drummer; W. Darrall, banjoist; W. Hill, violinist; F. Leslie, balladist; Johnny Lewis, jig dancer; and Old Alexander Kreuson, tamborinist and original "Essence of Old Carolina."

The dramatic company under the management of Yankee Robinson and R. J. Miller, now performing in Detroit, includes the following:—Messrs. C. H. Hartwell, D. B. Vanderen, M. D. Lacy, Frank Bosworth, W. Smith, J. Macawley, Gordon, Harry Hotto, E. Langley, J. C. Howard, W. Chapal, Yankee Robinson, and R. J. Miller; Mrs. D. B. Vanderen, Miss Eliza Black, Mrs. H. Hotto, Mrs. M. D. Lacey, Miss Aggie Hardy, Mrs. Mary Bradshaw, Miss Emma Courtney, Miss C. Knight, and Miss Augusta.

We have an amusing budget, forwarded by a correspondent signing himself W. H. D.—GIRARD, Jan. 21st, 61. FRIEND FRANK:—As the *courier* of Frank Phelps' Juvenile Troupe, and Pierce's Campbell's Minstrels, my peregrinations have at length brought me to this town, where fortune seems to favor me with most excellent quarters, for in the host of the *Hotel de Martin* one is sure to find our old and most valued friend, Grip Martin, a kind, obliging, and most accommodating landlord. On my arrival here I was much surprised in meeting our old friend Doctor Jim Thayer, he and his lady being quartered here for the winter. The Doctor is busily engaged with his two mules, Uncle Sam and Dick. On invitation, I accompanied him to his large and comfortable amphitheatre, and there witnessed a rehearsal of the mules' performances. The quickness and aptitude displayed by them is certainly surprising, surpassing by far anything that I ever yet beheld. Their dancing and waltzing tricks are finished acts. * * * Times and money are easy here, and the good people of Girard do not lack for amusements. A few days since a panorama of Harper's Ferry was on exhibition. On Thursday evening the Campbells and Frank Phelps' Juvenile Troupe hold forth. On Saturday evening, a patriotic concert is to be given by the amateur singers of the town, for the purpose of raising funds with which to purchase a flag for the Girard Volunteers, under the command of the gallant Capt. Hutchinson, when Doctor Jim Thayer is to appear, weighing two hundred and thirty-eight pounds * * * By the way, surprise parties seem to be all the go here. A party of ladies and gentlemen called upon the Doctor a few evenings since. He received them with his usual hospitality, and was called upon for an expression of his feelings on the all-absorbing topic of the day, which he gave in a masterly style. I took down his speech, which was as follows:—

"Ladies, Gentlemen, Friends, Fellow Citizens, Hards and Softs, True Bricks, Good Eggs, Shanghaies, Old Hosses, Young Eagles, Roaring Aligators, or *any other man*: I stand here upon the broad, large platform of locomotive go-aheadativeness, clean up to the t'other end of circumference, on the double track cash Union railroad of human rights and free speech of woman *or any other man*. I stand here, the self-chosen nominee of the go ahead and go-your-death party, for Uncle Sam's entire nation and plantation of thirty-four States, six Territories, whites, reds, yellows, blacks, including Horace Greeley, with the rich, the rough, soldiers, citizens, farmers, printers, fiddlers, suckers, sailors, snowmen, *or any other man*. Now, as I am on the stump for the go-ahead and go your death party, you will no doubt ask me the great test question: "Doctor, what do you want for this greatest nation of civil zation?" I want, like all other politicians, *all I can get*, and if I can't get it I'll take it, *or any other man*. I want a Congress that will pull for the nation, instead of pulling the trigger. *Ahem.* I want a Congress of free men, instead of a menagerie of fire-eaters. I want less jaw and more judgment. I want the two wings of the great Capitol ["What kind of wings, Doctor?" "Why, buzzard wings"] to fly away with the carrion flesh of party confusion. I want a President who will require no *Covode* Committee funds. I want less irrepressible conflict and more irrepressible honesty. I want Congressmen who stamp their feet on the franking privilege, and pay their postage on their brandy demijohns. I want a Homestead Bill that will give every poor citizen a house with a wife in it, stocked also with fifteen living likenesses of their father. I want every man who wants more than twenty wives apiece, to be whipped with the steel springs of their hoop skirts, till they scourge every particle of polygamy out of their carcasses, *or any other man*. I want Commodore Turner to give the Mexicans another turn of Yankee thunder-bolt. I want Gen. Sam Houston to lasso the traitors that surround him. I want the North and South to come to an "irrepressible conflict" of eternal amity. I want the only Helpers to be that every State in this glorious Union help itself, and then help its neighbors. I want political hacks to buy Horace Greeley a new coat, and James Gordon Bennett a new conscience. I want all banks to be responsible for all bogus bills, and all bogus bank vaults to be turned into prison cells. I want the best man in the nation for President. I hope we have him, *or any other man*. And if we have, we can hang the stars and stripes on the north pole, the cap of liberty on the south pole, the American eagle on the west pole, and *E Plu Ri Bus Unum* on the east pole, Liberty holding the great balance-pole of power, and that we may all shout out, "Hurrah for our side of Jordan," or any other man!

Professor Nichols, the "wizard," played at Langstoth's Hall, Germantown, Pa., on the 23d and 24th ult.

Last week was Miss Joey Gougenheim's third at the New Theatre, Richmond, Va., and considering the tightness of money matters, the young lady had done a good business. Saturday night, the 26th, closed her engagement, and on Monday, the 28th, Joe Jeffe son is expected.

P. H. Anderson, son of the Wizard of the North, did poorly at Reading, we hear.

It is whispered that there is to be another place of amusement, of the Thespian style, in Richmond, Va., before long. A gentleman who has had some experience in such things, backed by one of our rich young F. F. Va.'s, is going to launch forth his bark on the theatrical sea. He intends getting up a sort of Melodeon at prices to suit the times. It will no doubt take well for a time, and will be gotten up in style, as the means will be liberally furnished.

Sam Sharply's Minstrels opened at the Odd Fellows' Hall, at Reading, Pa., on the 19th ult., to a good house. Monday they hauled off to give place to a ball; Tuesday and Wednesday they resumed but met with indifferent success. The Bohemian Glass Blowers have been at the Keystone Hall the past week or two, but have done the smallest kind of business. They tried the conundrum dodge, but it would not go, so they abruptly closed. "Parker's Dramatic Company" came to Reading on the 23d ult., unable to open immediately in consequence of the hall being previously engaged.

The denizens of Richmond, Ind., generally known as the Quaker City of the Hoosier State, have recently been treated with a variation in the list of their amusements, in the form of a dramatic troupe, which opened on the 12th of January, with the play of "The Iron Chest," and the farce of "The Spectre Bridegroom;" Mr. C. J. Smith, manager and proprietor, sustaining the character of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the former. The following comprise the company:—Messrs. C. J. Smith, John Tempeton (stage manager), Tom Kemble, Max Irwin, J. Irwin, Mark Matteson, Nat Hyams, J. Hill (low comedian); Mrs. Helena (late leading lady at the Nashville Theatre,) Kitty Foster, and Mdlle. Lamercux.

Professor Wyman, Wizard and Ventriloquist, completed his second week at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, on the 26th ult.

Wilson & Morris' Minstrels performed for a week at Masonic Hall, Cleveland, commencing on the 21st ult.

Dupree's New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe and Brass Band were at Columbus, Ga., on the 12th, 14th, and 15th ult.; at Macon, the 16th and 17th; Atlanta, the 18th and 19th; Madison, 21st; Athens, 22d and 23d; thence to Augusta, for 24th, 22th, and 26th. Mr. J. G. H. Shorey, formerly manager of the troupe, recently sold out his share to Mr. C. H. Dupree, who is now sole proprietor. Mr. Soorey was to return to his native place, Great Falls, N. H., about the 21st.

The Webb Sisters have been playing at Louisville, Ky., Ada having given a new song, called the "Union for Ever" (the composition of Mr. W. L. Hays) with great success, we hear. They had their benefit on the 18th ult., and on the 21st were succeeded by Mr. E. Eddy, in the character of Richard the Third.

We have received a letter, with other documents, from Mr. W. M. Fleming, who writes to us from Milledgeville, Ga., under date of the 23d of January. The object of the gentleman's communication is to deny the truth of some allegations made by a correspondent, in our issue of the 19th, and which charged Mr. Fleming with the non-payment of his company. This non-payment is not denied in the communication before us, but several circumstances are adduced to show the statements received, in the first instance, were of an *ex parte* character and dictated by spleen. Mr. Fleming says that, finding himself in difficulties, he made an open statement of the same to his company, every member of which he was willing to retain throughout a season disastrous to himself. As a guarantee of his sincerity, he forwards the certificates of two gentlemen in his employment, Messrs. H. Lewis and J. B. Fuller, in which his honorable conduct as a manager is spoken of. As a matter of fair play we give these particulars. Our space will not allow the insertion of Mr. Fleming's letters and accompanying statements.

"Colleen Bawn" had reached its 113th consecutive representation at the London Adelphi, and was still up for further representation, with the Bourcicaults in their accustomed parts.

We give the annexed summary from a correspondent in the queen city of the west:—Cincinnati, Jan. 24th, 1861.—Business here has been very encouraging, albeit tidings of the gloomy present and sad forebodings reach us from many parts of the country. The benefits for the widows of the watchmen, Hallam and Lory, who were murdered a short time since in the performance of their duty, took place at the Opera House, on Monday evening, the 21st, on which occasion "Pauline," and "Sketches in India" were played. Mr. Sheridan recited an ode; and little Marion Smith, a sweet little girl only five years old, a daughter of Mr. C. T. Smith, the stage manager, sung a song, called "I'm Sixty-Two," in character. She was loudly applauded and encored. "Pauline" was played to good houses during the week, until Wednesday evening, when Mr. Gough delivered one of his lectures on intemperance. On this occasion, not only the auditorium, but the whole depth of the stage was occupied by the audience. On Thursday, Mr. Sheridan's benefit. On Saturday night, Miss Susan Denin takes a benefit. The season at this house terminates in about three weeks.....The winter season at the National Theatre concluded last Saturday night, the 19th, and the theatre closed, to open again on Monday, with a German company. A new company is being organised for the coming spring and summer season, to commence shortly. Mr. J. G. Hinley, the popular leading man and competent stage manager, has been retained.....Wood's Theatre is undergoing the necessary renovating process, preparatory to re-opening on Saturday evening, the 26th. Messrs. Hamblin and Edwards, late of the National, have undertaken the management, and have engaged nearly all the late National company. I trust they may make it a paying "spec."..... Donnelly's company has been playing at Columbus, with tolerable success.....Col. Smith's company has been doing very well in Richmond, Ind.....The Palace Garden Varieties is doing very well. Tim Woodruff, the veteran tamborinist, and single and double act man, and general comedian; Johnny Stout, balladist and jig dancer; John Balker, banjoist; Mdlle. Louise, danseuse; Fred. Rhinebold; Hor Miller, pianist; and a number of others, are in the company.....Timothy Titcomb lectures to night at Smith & Nixon's Hall.....Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were to appear at Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the 28th ult. It is many years since the former appeared at that great metropolitan theatre, where his father inaugurated a fame that will never die while the records of the stage exist, and the fortunes of which he built up from the lowest condition of depression.

Among the things that *are*, and seem likely to continue, we must put down Frank Rivers' Melodeon, in Philadelphia, where the weekly programme is always of the best and most varied description, combining the material with the immaterial very agreeably. The present attractions include that always delightful piece, "The Mountain Sylph," a ballet wherein everything is glittering and beautiful—bright eyes and tiny feet fixing the gazer's attention; a budget of rare comicalities; and many other things the best suited to develope the talent of a tip-top company. Indeed, of so unmistakeable a character are the attractions at Rivers' as to put a flat negation on the objection of distance, urged by the folks whose residences were "too far away." As we said in a former issue, those persons, being advised of what they could see and hear at Rivers', have tested the truth of their information, and now declare themselves too willing to "go again," after the fashion of the young Osbaldiston, the lover of Diana Vernon, who lyrically declared that he would seek his lady, although she could only be found "ten thousand miles awa."

The Denier Brothers, acrobats, appear at the Theatre, Providence, R. I., on the 4th of February, for one week.

Miss Goddard, the celebrated actress, from Australia, was at Carlisle, Eng., at the latest advices. Among her assumptions was that of Hamlet.

Augustus Braham (who was here with Catharine Hayes), with Madame Laura and Mr. W. Willott, was giving his popular entertainment, "Light and Shade," in Doncaster, where, a contemporary says, "any kind of amusement would do." A good chance for an enterprising manager.

Howe & Cushing's Circus, with Tom Sayers, was at Manchester, Eng., and contemplated an extended tour through the neighboring towns.

Our correspondent, Young Rapid, sends us the following from Philadelphia, under the date of the 27th of January: Mr. T. Allston Brown is at present in Philadelphia, unengaged. Any "star" or troupe wishing a good and reliable business agent, can address him, care *City Item* office, Philadelphia. Mr. Brown has travelled considerably, and is thoroughly posted in his business.....Miss Cushman has been drawing very fair houses at the Arch during the week. On Thursday she appeared as Cardinal Wolsey, but her performance did not please the public so well as her Queen Katharine at the Academy. Mrs. Drew, as Queen Catharine, was excellent. The play was ended with the downfall of the Cardinal, the dying scene being cut out. On Friday, Miss Cushman appeared as Mrs. Haller, for her benefit. On Monday she appeared in Shakespeare's *chef d'œuvre* Hamlet, upon which character she is said to have bestowed great study, care and research. This is positively Miss Cushman's last week in this city. She closes on Saturday, Feb. 2d, when she will take a final and irrevocable farewell of the Philadelphia stage. She appears at Washington; thence to New York, where she commences her farewell engagement on Feb. 18th, and follows at Boston, where she will play her final engagement in America. She will then sail for England, where she has resided for some years, and will no doubt shortly retire forever from the stage.....The most remarkable event of the week, has been the engagement at the Walnut of Mr. Sothern, whose success has been considerable. His rendition of Dundreary and Sam, in "Our American Cousin at Home," is exceedingly meritorious. Mr. S.'s engagement came to a close last evening, when the house was crowded..... The coming week will be devoted to benefits. On Monday the business agent of the theatre will take a benefit; his bill is a very attractive one. Tom Taylor's comedy of "The Victims" will be given; to be followed by Uncle Frank Brower and Frank Moran, the sable comedians in their burlesque "Shakespearian Readings;" to conclude with the "Lone Star." This is a very attractive occasion, and as Mr. Murphy has made a host of friends by his gentlemanly deportment, the house will be crowded most likely. On Wednesday, Dr. Cunnington, the musical director, will take his annual benefit, he offers a very attractive bill. Uncle Frank Brower volunteers, and will appear in his "Happy Uncle Tom" dance. On Thursday, a benefit will be given to the poor of the city. On Friday, Mr. Chapman, stage-manager, makes his annual appeal; "The Writing on the Wall," and "Blanche of Brandywine," will be given. On Saturday one of our fire companies takes a benefit.....The Continental Circus opens on Monday, under the management of Harry Whitby and James Pilgrim. The same artists who were formerly connected with the establishment have been re-engaged. Mr. John Donnelly is business agent.....The next attraction at the Arch will be "Playing With Fire".....MacDonough produced the "Seven Sisters" at his place on Saturday.....Sanford continues to draw crowded houses at his *bijou* of an establishment.....Van Amburgh's Menagerie on Chestnut street is receiving a very fair share of patronage. Prof. Langworthy's entrance into the dens of animals, is truly wonderful..... Mr. Jas. Wallack, Jr., was in town on Wednesday.....Jerry Bryant arrived in this city on Wednesday, and during his stay here has visited the different places of amusement. He returns to New York on Wednesday next, and on the following Monday resumes his duties at his favorite establishment on Broadway. Jerry is an honor to his profession. So is Uncle Frank Brower..... At the conclusion of his engagement last evening, Mr. Sothern and a few invited friends partook of an entertainment at the Girard House in this city. Among the invited guests were several members of the press, some of our most prominent citizens, and your correspondent. Great credit is due to the gentlemanly proprietors of the Girard House for the excellent manner in which they attended to the wants of the inner man. The most superbly decorated table I have ever seen was the table spread for the guests. The banquet was discussed with ample justice, and after clearing the table the company was called to order by Mr. Isaac C. Pray, of the "Daily Enquirer," who made a few pertinent remarks. A motion was made to organize a club to be known as the "Dundreary Club," and the following officers were chosen:—President, Isaac C. Pray; Vice President, Jos. Fisher; Treasurer, Jno. Darcy; Secretary, Mr. Hawthorn; Corresponding Secretary, Fred. Dubois; Chairman, T. Allston Brown; "Bunney," Mr. J. Schaumberg. One of the rules adopted was the following:—That any member was at liberty to make a pun at the expense of another member. The duty assigned "Bunney" is that instead of being kicked, he is to select a member to receive that reward from the purster. After the conclusion of the regular toasts, sentiments were offered and speeches made by Mr. Sykes, of the Girard House, and by some representatives of the press. Thus ended an entertainment among the most delightful ever carried out upon a similar occasion. The hour, though late, brought no weariness, and the utmost good order was observed to the close. The company separated with many good wishes, and with a feeling of attachment in no small degree cemented by the chatty sociality and convivial union of this most auspicious occasion. A hearty welcome awaits the return of Mr. Sothern to our "City of Brotherly Love." YOUNG RAPID.

The following testimony to the merits of a departed friend (by a valued and able correspondent) will be read with great interest:—Having noticed in the columns of the CLIPPER, the death of Mr. John Collins, of the minstrel profession, who having been cut off at a moment's notice, leaving behind him a wide circle of friends, among whom I number myself, and wishing to say a few parting words before he is numbered among the past; I take the present opportunity of doing so. I knew him well, and if the tear of regret for his loss starts from my eye, my heart sends forth an inspiration of gratitude to God, for his infinite mercy, in making the dying bed of my lamented and much loved friend, "soft as downy pillows are." Whatever may be the cause of sympathy, or however it may be excited, nothing is more pleasing than to recall to mind the virtuous dead. The veneration which we owe those who have by their virtues in life gained our affections, should claim from us some tribute of respect. The writer of these few lines, prompted by a desire to gratify the feelings of friendship experiences a gloomy pleasure in testifying to the virtue and worth of John Collins. To his friends and acquaintances it must be a gratification to be reminded of his truly amiable disposition and uniform exemplary and friendly deportment, which bound together in the ties of friendship and love, hearts which have only been separated for a time by the unerring hand of death. In the profession his place cannot be supplied. In the private walks of life he was esteemed by every one as a man of superior worth, high minded, noble, generous and affectionate disposition; to the unfortunate and afflicted his voice indeed spoke the law of kindness; as a brother professional, he was not surpassed by any who preceded him on that journey from whence none return. At the beginning of the present season, Mr. Collins became a member of the far famed Cooper Opera Troupe, and his kindness of heart and manly deportment soon endeared him to the members of the company. In a very short time, however, he withdrew from the company, and joining Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, visited Havana where he departed this life.

"Old death where is thy sting,
Oh! grave where is thy victory."

It is good for the living to mourn the dead—the living see it, and have a hope in their death, that they shall not be forgotten. The terrors of the grave are not that "the worm shall feed sweetly on us"—it is not that *we* shall "lie in cold obstruction."—there is in the *mind* a tenacity of connexion, a powerful attraction of cohesion, that leads it to hope, that death does not separate it from those its body leaves—it thinks to look up to flowers strewn upon the grave, and be solaced by the praises with which wounded affection sweetens grief.

There is a grief which time can ne'er assuage;
There is a tie oblivion cannot break;
It is a tie of early friendship. Age
May blast man's tottering frame, but cannot shake
Affections rooted in his breast; nor make
What nature planted there, of other mould.

Phila., Jan. 27, 1861. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

Mr. Sothern opened in Washington on the 25th of January, for three weeks. He next goes to Baltimore for one week; then to Chicago, where he will remain four weeks. He has also been engaged by manager Keach, of the Boston Museum, for four weeks.

George Christy's Minstrels were at Mobile on the 20th of January, and intended shortly to depart for New Orleans.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels were at Pottsville, Pa., on the 26th of January; and successively visited Danville, Williamsport, Elmira, intending to appear in New York State.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels give a prime entertainment at Ordway Hall, Boston, during the current week; one of their principal features being "Yo'd Folks' Concert." In this, the characters will appear in the costume "worn 20,000 years ago," and sing "Dixie's Land" as it was "sung by the Pilgrims, in 1620," also as it is "sung in 1861." This comicality, with the unmistakeable "hits" of previous representations, will no doubt cause the ball to roll gaily along at the Hall, which, we are glad to hear, is crowded every night, spite of old Breas and the snow.

In obliging response to the inquiries recently made in these columns, regarding Mr. John E. Wallace (or John E. Johnson), Mrs. Charles Backus, writing from Rochester, N. Y., under date of the 25th of January, informs us that Mr. Wallace was left at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, in July last, where his business was to sing comic songs.

We hear that considerable excitement was caused on the morning of the 24th of January, at Providence, R. I., on the discovery that Mr. Macfarland, the manager of the theatre, had taken a sudden flight, so leaving his company minus its pay. It seems that Mr. M. went to Pawtucket, for the purpose of giving a performance there, and that after he had done so, he turned his face, not in the direction of Providence; accompanied by his daughter. In the disagreeable dilemma to which many of the professionals found themselves, some left the town; others, however, not possessed of the "wherewithal," remained; and in behalf of these, a benefit was to be given on the 26th. It is alleged that the business was terribly bad at Mr. Macfarland's theatre—the nightly rent amounting to within twenty dollars of the average receipts.

The Wood Minstrels open at Newark on the 28th of January (this evening,) for three performances.

Mr. John Drew was still at the London Lyceum, engaged in the successful representation of Irish characters.

Alfred Mellon's opera of "Victorine" had been resumed at Covent Garden Theatre, London, with Miss Louisa Pyne in the principal character.

Harry Watkins and Mrs. Charles Howard were about to start on a professional tour throughout the English counties.

The Buckley Minstrels, with Miss Julia Gould, were still at the St. James' Hall, London—doing well, it is reported.

Charles Wheatleigh, late of Laura Keene's, who departed hence some months since, with the "Colleen Bawn" and the "Octoroon," has, it is surmised, arrived in the colony ere this.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 211 8th Avenue.
29-3m* HARRY EARNS, President.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE.—The Studley Dramatic Association gave their third entertainment in their new hall, corner of Howard and Lexington streets, on the 18th ult., to a large and fashionable audience, we hear. The pieces selected were the "Idiot Witness," "People's Lawyer," and "My Neighbor's Wife." These were well performed. In the "Idiot Witness," the character of Walter Arlington was sustained by Miss Josephine M. Warner. The other characters were given to Messrs. E. H. Bennett, G. Ardell, R. H. Skerett, Evans, J. Oates (the latter recently of the Charles Kean A. D. A., of Wilmington, Del.,) G. W. Hooper, and H. Franklin; Miss Anne Johnson, and Mrs. Rose Palmer.

THE RECENT BENEFIT OF MISS AMY DAVENPORT EVERETT.—We have received a letter from Mr. M. Esas, complaining of a statement in our last issue, to the effect that he played the part of Sampson Brayling in one of the pieces, indifferently, and adding that he took the same part at a moment's notice. If this be true, we think the party who furnished us the report ought to have shown more lenity in criticising Mr. Esas' performance.

THE HENRY CLAY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will have a performance and ball on February 1st. "My Neighbor's Wife" and "My Fellow Clerk" are the pieces selected. Previous to the dramatic representation, a declamation will be delivered by the President. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year:—President, S. Wyman; Vice President, L. Wormser; Financial Secretary, A. Samel; Treasurer, Joseph Fox; Corresponding Secretary, H. Crakow; Stage Manager, S. Adler; Assistant ditto, J. Fox.

HARRY CATELY, the costumer, takes a benefit at Dramatic Hall, on the 31st. "Damon and Pythias," "The Unfinished Gentleman," and "Widow's Victim," make up the bill for the entertainment. Many volunteers appear on the occasion.

PARISIAN TERPSICHOREANS.—A severe ordeal for the applicants for the post of figurante was that which all were forced to undergo at the Academy School in Paris, in the last century. Their physique was examined by two surgeons successively; the object being to determine whether their proportions adapted them to the exercise of the dance, a lack of vigor in the ankles, or fullness of respiration unfitting them for the necessary physical endurance. If they were thought to be endowed with the necessary qualifications, they took their place among the pupils, and were educated accordingly. M. Vernon says that his anatomical knowledge enabled him to determine whether the applicant would make a dancer or not; and that he was able to prevent many from adopting the profession when they lacked the robustness necessary to it. A singer can tell from the speech of persons whether they would be likely to make singers; and a dancer can likewise judge from the proportion and points of the body whether the ability of a dancer may lie within. When Duport was visiting Gosselin, a lute maker, one day, he saw two daughters, and noticed their feet. He examined them attentively, and told their father that they had eminent qualifications for danseuses. The plan of study that he suggested was adopted, and the girls afterwards became meritorious artists.

The apartment appropriated to dancers in the great theatre is a large hall, inclined at the same angle as the stage, and surrounded with mirrors, where the dancers engage in certain pre

A COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS
FROM ITS EARLIEST DATE,

With Sketches of some of the Principal Performers.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ducrow produced one of the most gorgeous show pieces ever witnessed in London—St. George and the Dragon. It was produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, and replenished the coffers of the manager, Mr. Bunn, to the great joy of sundry and numerous creditors. The spectacle had an unprecedented run for many weeks. A beautiful testimonial was presented to Ducrow, consisting of a massive silver vase, for the admirable manner in which he had produced the spectacle.

Ducrow was mercurial in his habits, fidgetty and cross-grained, especially when engaged in rehearsals. He would find fault with the accommodations for his horses. At Drury Lane, manager Bunn refused to reserve a certain part of the house for his favorite horse. The piece was to be produced that night. Ducrow sent for Mr. Milnor, and requested him to read the articles of agreement between the parties for the production of St. George and the Dragon for so many nights, at such an amount, et cetera. To the surprise of Bunn, Ducrow had agreed to produce the piece, but had not agreed to play in it *himself*. It was impossible to produce the piece without Ducrow as St. George, the hero of the piece. "Now," says Ducrow, "tell the *mummers* (theatricals) hif they pay me £25 per night hextra for my hacting St. George, and allow my *prads* (horses) to ave comfortable quarters, hit's a go." The manager willied and came to Ducrow's terms.

Mons. Gouffe, the man-monkey, was one of Ducrow's productions. His right name was Goff, and the bills of the day metamaphosed him into a Frenchman. He was a London cockney, and he came as near imitating the monkey as any human being could, on or off the stage. He was brought to this country by John Fletcher, the originator of the Venetian statues, and the celebrated pantomimist, in 1831, and made his first appearance November 29, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in the pantomime entertainment of "Jack Robinson." First appeared in New York at the Bowery Theatre, December 13, in the "Island Ape." Appeared in the same character at the "Walnut," Philad'a, Jan. 2, 1832.

This extraordinarily gifted man exhibited one of the most accurate pictures of the peculiarities of the Ape I have ever yet witnessed; the wonderful flexibilities of limbs; the perfect acquaintance with the most trifling habits of that animal, beggars the imagination; and the pathetic scene of his dying in the entertainment of the "Bazilian Ape" stamped him a man of most acute genius and observation. It would seem that, either from natural conformation, or from a high degree of practical discipline, he had acquired such powers over his limbs, and could throw himself into such positions, as could appertain to no human being, furnished with but an ordinary quota of joints and tendons. The muscular strength manifested by an individual of such dimensions, was in itself a matter of great astonishment.

Mons. Gouffe had a wife, who made her first appearance in this country Jan 24, 1832, at the Camp street Theatre, New Orleans, as *Mysa*, in "Jocko."

Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was first opened by a Mr. Davis, as a circus. It was built in the first place by placing immense wagon wheels in the form of an amphitheatre, (oblong)—these were entrenched in the ground several feet. Large ship spars were then inserted in the hubs and packed tight with earth—this formed the foundation; it was covered, and formed a large amphitheatre. It went through many transmogrifications, and during Ducrow's management, it was burned to the ground in 1830—the loss was very great. Ducrow died shortly afterwards.

Astley's has existed for nearly a century. It has been rebuilt. *Grimaldi* flourished at Astley's. Grimaldi was in his Zenith in 1811-12. I saw a recent account of his death a year ago. This must be a mistake. I ascertained when in England in 1835 that Grimaldi was then dead. He had a son then living. Dickens' Life of Grimaldi gives many interesting accounts of that wonderful man. He performed at *three* different theatres on the same night, in London.

The wardrobe that was used in the great spectacle of the battle of Waterloo, was brought to this country by Kinloch, from London. The piece was played at Vauxhall Garden and at Astley's, and was from the pen of John Amherst, Esq. This piece was played at the Old North Pearl Street Circus, Albany. It was said the military equipments were the same that were worn at the *real* battle of Waterloo, purchased by the manager of Vauxhall Gardens from the British Government. Amherst came to the United States with Cooke's Circus, which was burnt out at Baltimore in 1838. He was a fine classic scholar, and a member of the English Dramatic Authors' Society of London. He was the author of many standard plays. He died at Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, a few years ago. Edmond Connor, the actor, with true philanthropy, had the remains of Amherst brought from Blockley and buried from his own dwelling in Race street. He was afflicted with various diseases, which rendered his existence almost insupportable to himself, and conscious of their incurability, he, in a letter to the Actors' Order, after thanking its members for the kindness of which he had been a recipient, requested to be sent back to the almshouse, from which place he had been taken by the Order a short time before his death. His request was complied with. The "Order," not yet "weary of well-doing," appropriated a further sum to supply him with books and writing materials. Thus it will be seen that he did not die neglected or forsaken.

His death occurred August 12th, 1851, and the expenses of his funeral were borne by the Actors' Order of Friendship.

Thirty-five years ago, a sort of menagerie opened in the stable opposite Bowlsby's Hotel, in North Market street, now Broadway, south west corner of Van Tromp street, Albany. The lower part of the building is now occupied as a stove store, &c., and the upper by several families. Bowlsby's was considered a first-class hotel in those days, equal to "Skinner's" and "Rockwell's," afterwards called the City Hotel and Mansion House, the sites of those two celebrated hotels now being occupied by those magnificent structures, Marble Hall and Ransom's Building. Members of the Legislature, and other dignitaries, sojourned at this house. Members of the Legislature, be it remembered, in those days were high-minded, honorable men, above bribery and corruption, and free from the baleful influences of those land-sharks known as *lobby members*. But to the show: It consisted of two cub-bears; Dandy Jack, a gloomy looking monkey, was the star; a calf with two heads; and a monster that was thrown upon the beach at Staten Island—at least, so the showman informed the audience. It was drawn on four wheels, and was about twenty feet long. It was a sort of "What Is It?" Its tail resembled that of a whale, its body was black and smooth, the head square, with a pair of eyes resembling two bung holes in a large-sized hogshead. Dr. Latham was the manager.

This menagerie was destroyed by a mob at Waterloo, in the Western part of the State of New York. The manager had changed the "critter" to a *whale*—"very like a whale." The show-folks besmeared it through the day with a very rancid kind of oil, the odor having the effect to keep the "meddling" audience at a respectful distance, as close examination would be fatal to the whale stock. A prying, meddlesome lawyer—a *Yankee*, of course—felt extremely anxious to ascertain the exact thickness of the whale's hide. He accordingly took out his jack knife, regardless of the *whaley* smell, and cut a large hole in the side of the monster. The lawyer was completely dumbfounded. This monster of the deep had a body made of *sole leather!* His tail was the only thing that was Simon-pure about his whaleship. The manager and his assistants carried their wardrobes, trunks, etc., in the whale's belly—probably taking the idea from old Jonah! The head of the whale was portable, or "come-off-able." Suffice it to say, as soon as the trick was discovered, the mob "harpooned" the entire show. This was some time previous to Barnum's day, and the art of humbugging had not arrived at such a pitch of perfection as that distinguished "showman" has since carried it—in fact, humbugging is now elevated to a pedestal among the *fine* arts.

At Parrou's Circus was a man by the name of Richardson, a horse breaker, who sometimes officiated as the riding master. Richardson had the management of a Circus in Cincinnati some thirty years ago, in Captain Woodruff's Amphitheatre, on Sycamore street. This was during an exciting political season. Two candidates for office, a lawyer and a doctor, had met on one or two occasions, and had a shooting and stabbing match in public. The doctor was a wide-awake man, and so he determined to rig himself with a coat of mail, consisting of a sheet iron breast-plate, which he wore under his vest. His opponent was a "cutting man." Both of these fire-eaters met in the boxes of the Circus, and at it they went. The doctor fired all his ammunition without, fortunately, damaging any one. The lawyer used his knife on the ribs of the doctor without effect. Finally they clinched, and both tumbled head-long into the ring, the audience looking on, some with evident indications of horror, and others with delight. The horses had just been brought into but the ring, the groom made himself scarce, leaving the gladiators in possession of the arena. The fight was renewed with great fury, the lawyer cutting at some substance harder than the ribs. During this fight no person had interfered. Richardson was sent for. He rushed into the ring, just as the lawyer was about to give the doctor his last dose. He seized Law and Physic by the collar, and held them at arms-length, and made a speech that never will be forgotten. Richardson was from Danbury, Conn.

John Gossin joined Banker's company, in Little York, Upper Canada. John was a native of Pittsburg, Pa. He had been performing with an itinerant Circus, owned by one Bernard, a Yankee, who made a fortune and retired. Gossin performed the clown in an admirable manner, and became an immense favorite throughout the United States. He married a beautiful woman at Lexington, Ky. She was the belle of the arena. Gossin was a fine looking man—he lived fast, commanded a large salary, partook largely of the fatal draught that "steals away the brain." He was finally divorced from his wife. She subsequently married a rich Spaniard of Havana. Gossin then became very dissipated, his spirits broken, his nervous system sadly deranged, and while in this maddened state, committed a *murder* in the South, but he was acquitted, and died soon after of yellow fever at Natchez. Gossin's brother was killed in a fracas on the Mississippi River, by a gambler. Gossin then armed himself, met the murderer of his brother, and killed him on the spot! John Gossin was with Sam Nicho's' company, that performed in the Amphitheatre in Dallius street, Albany. Gossin and "Jack" May both performed in this company, and were a "whole team," as clowns. Nichols had a superb equestrian and theatrical company, and for two seasons in succession, did an immense business, the establishment being patronized by first class people. The last time Forrest appeared in Albany, was at the Nicho's' Amphitheatre, then under the management, I think, of Jackson—familiarly known as "Black Jack." Josephine Clifton, the "Majestic Josephine," as she was called, played an engagement with Forrest, at the same time.

In this company was also a person by the name of Vail. He was the successor of Weaver in feats of strength. He was a powerful man, and a native of Mansfield, Ohio. His early days were occupied as a boatman on the Western rivers. Vail had many hair-breadth escapes from death. He performed his feats of strength on a pole that supported the large pavilion. It was crowded one night in a town in Indiana. Vail was suspended by his knees to the pole, which was some ten feet from the ground—in his hands he held two anvils, and by his teeth he held several fifty-six pound weights. At this moment one of those fearful *tornadoes* that we so often hear of in the West, suddenly came up, the pavillion was blown to atoms, the seats fell with a fearful crash—the howling of the wind and the screams of women and children were terrible—the pole on which Vail was suspended was broken, and he fell, with the great weights of iron he was grapping, head foremost to the ground. A number of persons were killed. Vail was picked up for dead among the mass of weights. He was badly injured, but survived his fearful fall. Vail had a fortunate escape from death during an earthquake at Martinique, in the West Indies. The sides of the house that he occupied fell outwards. Vail was just in the act of leaping from the windows. He fell safely in the street, the *window frame passing over his head and shoulders!* So close was he to the falling beams that his foot became entangled in the falling mass, and drew his leg from the boot, as he said, with a "patent boot-jack." After this occurrence he was shipwrecked. He abandoned the profession and became very wealthy, at Port Royal, one of the West India Islands. He married a Quadroon, as rich as Crœsus and as "lovely as a June flower." He is now located at "Yankee Station," California, and is known as Squire Vail, *Justice of the Peace*.

Young D. C. Caliahan also amused the Albanians with his elegant and superb horsemanship. He was a native of New York. Most of his days were passed in Mexico and South America. He died in his native city—New York.

Joe Blackburn also performed on the Beaver street lot, Albany. Blackburn was *the* Clown of the American arena. He was a man of extraordinary ability. He possessed a good education, and figured as a poet of no ordinary pretensions. His letters from Europe were perused with much interest, and were published in the New York Spirit of the Times, and other popular journals of the day. Blackburn was a Baltimorean. His uncle left Joe his entire fortune; but, poor fellow, whilst on his way from New Orleans to Baltimore to inherit his wealth, he sickened and died on board the steamer Express Mail, near Horse Shoe Bend, February 26, 1841, and was buried at Memphis, Tenn. His death was regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Many are the anecdotes recorded of him. *Requiescat in pace.*

One of the Memphis papers speaks of the procession to the grave of Blackburn, in the following language:—

"The respective companies, met according to previous notice, for the purpose of paying that respect due to the worth and talents of the late Joseph Blackburn. The procession then formed in front of the Commercial Hotel, Messrs. Garson & Claveau taking the lead. Then followed the New Orleans band, drawn in a car by six horses, followed by the New York band drawn by six horses. The rear was brought up by the performers, citizens, &c., on horseback, bearing the usual badge of mourning on the left arm. The procession then proceeded to the burial ground, where it formed in a circle around the grave of the deceased; the bands played a dirge suited to the occasion; each member took the badge from his arm and placed it as a tribute of respect upon the grave of their departed friend. Mr. Garson and Mr. Herbert made neat and appropriate addresses on the occasion, after which the procession returned to the city."

The old North Pearl Street Amphitheatre, Albany, began to "gin it," or give up the ghost, about the year 1828. "Nosey" Phillips tried his hand in this place as well as at the South Pearl Street Theatre. Like all other projects that Nosey undertook, somebody was the sufferer. Nosey was as mad a wag as we shall never look upon his like again. His style of financiering were plans only peculiar to himself. He was the sole author and inventor of many shrewd and curious dodges. Moses—that was his Christian name—opened a Theatre in Providence, R. I—he procured an excellent company from New York, and with the aid of *Providence*, he pocketed quite a sum. He owed several small scores to the inhabitants, as well as actors. Nosey promised that all bills against him should be liquidated on *Monday*, without fail.

The bills of the day were issued, and the lamps all trimmed, the actors "all up in their parts," and sundry creditors awaited the important moment; but the eagle-eyed, as well as eagle *nosed* Nosey had fled to New York with all the "rocks" in his fob! Arriving in that city, he had no difficulty in finding an old sufferer that he owed a long standing bill. Nosey brought his wits to working order, knowing that in a few hours he would be seized for debt, and be placed in durance vile. (There was a law for imprisonment for debt in those days). He induced said old sufferer to sue him, which he did. Nosey acknowledged the corn, and was committed to jail. The enraged creditors from Rhode Island arrived only to be disappointed. Nosey was already caged for debt, and in a few days all excitement had subsided. Nosey settled the score with his lucky friend, and once more he "buckled on his armor" for fresh adventures. Cincinnati was the scene of many of Nosey's *jokes*. Here he enlivened the audience of Fogg & Stickney's Circus by enacting the clown in a time-worn scene called the "Peasant's Frolic." Nosey was astride a beautiful black horse, telling some stereotyped "Joe Millers," when all of a sudden the horse flew round the ring as if a sky-rocket was fast to his tail. The ring-master could not stop him. Nosey's lungs were brought into requisition—he appealed to the man with the whip at the top of his voice, "Stop him for God's sake!" "A good joke," says the ring-master. "Go it, Nosey!" yelled the boys. Nosey went it loose, heels over head into the pit, striking an honest Jack Tar in the eye with his hand. Nosey's skull cap, and a small portion of his scalp, were missing. The sailor was enraged to find his eye blackened. "Well," says Jack, "that feller with a big handle on his mug is the d——est wust clown I ever did see." Nosey left the ring as soon as possible, as his tights had come down. A lawsuit was the result; but the ring-master declared it was a joke, and besides that, he could not stop the horse. Nosey was accordingly non-suited.

The next exploit was at Louisville, Ky., where Nosey advertised in glowing colors that he would give a grand masquerade ball, the dresses and masks to be furnished by the manager, and at the close of the masquerade several comic songs were to be sung, in imitation of old Jack Barnes, by the indefatigable manager. The night came, and the music, then the array of dancers. The crowd now began to inquire for the costumer—dominoes were in great demand, and so was—Nosey! But the bird had flown, and was safely stowed away in the Hoosier State of Indiana.

Nosey modestly and very discreetly declined a second visit to this part of Kentucky—feathers and tar advanced in price as soon as the dodge was discovered. Many, very many, of these innocent pranks Nosey engaged in. His grand wind up, however, took place in New Orleans in 1842. Caldwell, manager of the St. Charles Theatre, despatched an agent to New York, with full powers to engage the best talent to be found, and in particular to engage *Aaron* Phillips—who was a good actor and worthy man—for his prompter. (Aaron Phillips was at one time the manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia). Caldwell's agent being a stranger in the capacity of theatrical negotiator, committed a sad mistake. He wrote a note, directing the same to *Mr. Phillips, comedian*. Nosey's hawk-eye discovered the letter, and received the contents with unspeakable joy, but "mum" was the word. He certainly was Mr. Phillips, comedian, and was a prompter.

The agent never was instructed to engage any *other* person for prompter but Mr. Phillips, hence the mistake. Nosey was placed under binding articles of agreement, *which he signed*. The other party agreed to give said Phillips the sum of $30 per week, and a benefit at the expiration of six months. What was the surprise of Caldwell, the actors, and everybody, when the immortal Nosey arrived in New Orleans! Caldwell was in for it. Nosey was sent to Mobile, but he got all the agreement called for. Here he officiated as prompter. Here he set his wormwood ideas—his prompting caused a bickering among the entire company. Two of the actors, B. D. and Tom R. hit upon the following ingenious plan to have some amusement at Nosey's expense. It required great caution, or a lawsuit would be the result. Old "Phil," as Nosey was sometimes called, went on the stage one night in place of some person who was ill. The only dressing room for him was with D. and R., under the stage. The performance being over, the trio returned to the dressing room to change clothing, wash, etc. Now D. and R. commenced to wrangle—angry words and vile and slanderous epithets followed. Nosey was hurrying on his pants at a rapid rate—a fight was brewing—the door *locked*. Nosey begged them to let him out—the key was lost—the lights went out—D. and R. pitched into one another—Nosey "went to grass," *by mistake!* "Murder!" cried Nosey, "they have torn my only pantaloons off!" A sock-dolager on the lug of Nosey sent him head foremost into a bucket of —— dirty water—(another *mistake!*) Murder was called very lustily by the prompter—the door was broken open by the carpenters, and what a sight was presented! The belligerents were puffing and blowing, but strange to say, had not received even a scratch! But the unfortunate Nosey looked quite forlorn and "groggy." His left ogle was closed, and his pants hung in ribbons. D. and R. agreed to take a drink and shake hands. Old "Phil" was invited to a pull, as he had acted impartially as second to both the men. D. and R. kept their secret, and Nosey was never posted, or had the slightest suspicion, but the fight was a genuine one. All he blamed them for was their making so many mistaken blows!

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that, by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills, which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window. Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach, in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk. Valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed. Never put on a new boot or shoe in the beginning of a long walk.

WHITE GUNPOWDER.—A gentleman writing from London, says: "I have heard in this city of a curious invention, which concerns alike sportsmen, riflemen, and the scientific. It is the manufacture of white gunpowder. It is composed of yellow potassa, chloride of potassa, loaf sugar, crystalized sugar, and brimstone. It possesses superior qualities over black gunpowder, being quicker and more powerful in its action, does not foul the gun, and is devoid of any unpleasant smell."

HINTS ON BATHING.—The most cleansing bath is a warm one of from 96 deg. to 100 deg., into which the body is immersed. If cleansing alone be the aim, the hotter the water the better, up to 108 degrees. It expands the pores, dives well into them, and increases the circulation for the time being. But since it is an unnatural agent, it exhausts the physical powers and leaves us prostrate. For health, therefore, it should be sparingly indulged in, except in persons of rapid and heated circulation. Even with such, it should be used with discretion, and the time of remaining in the bath should never exceed a few minutes. The cold bath of from 60 deg. to 70 deg., on the other hand, cleanses less, but invigorates more. It should therefore be avoided by persons of full temperament, and becomes really dangerous after eating, or even after a long rest following a heavy meal. If you have supped largely over night, or been foolish enough to drink more than your usual quantity of stimulating liquids, you should content yourself with passing a wet sponge over the body. A tepid bath, varying from 85 deg. to 95 deg., is perhaps the safest of all, but we must not lose sight of health in the desire for comfort.

A writer on this subject says that "The most healthy, and one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and one who at sixty had not a single grey hair, was a German, who, his diet being moderate, used to bathe in running water at all seasons, breaking the ice in the winter for his plunge. Of the shower-bath I will say nothing, because I feel that to recommend it for general use is dangerous. The best bath for general purposes, and one which can do little harm, and almost always some good, is a sponge bath. It should consist of a large, flat metal basin, some four feet in diameter, filled with cold water and a large coarse sponge—the coarser the better. The water should be plentiful and fresh, that is, brought up a little while before the bath is to be used; not placed over night in the bedroom. Sea-water, we may here observe, does not cleanse, and a sensible man who bathes in the sea will take a bath of pure water immediately after it. This practice is shamefully neglected, and I am inclined to think that in many cases a sea-bath will do more harm than good without it, but if followed by a fresh bath cannot but be advantageous."

A CHINESE MERCHANT.—From the following account, rendered by a writer in the *Gazette de France*, it would seem that the term "merchant prince" is applicable to tradesmen in the East as well as in the West. The writer in question says: "I visited the estate of a Chinese merchant of Canton, named Portingua, and on which he spends 3,000,000 francs a year—an immense sum in a country where labor is to be had for almost nothing. The property is larger than a king's domain. This Chinaman made his fortune in the opium trade, and is said to possess more then 100,000,000 francs. He has fifty wives and eighty domestics, without counting thirty gardeners, laborers, &c., and owns in the North of China a still finer estate. He has a great liking for the French, and receives them well. When I went with two friends to visit his mansion, he had just left, but I was received by a steward, who conducted us over the house and grounds. In front of the house is a vast garden, in which are the rarest flowers, and a wide alley leads to the principal entrance. The apartments are vast, the floors being in marble; they are ornamented with columns of the same material and of sandal-wood, encrusted with mother-of pearl, gold, silver and precious stones. Splendid looking-glasses of a prodigious height, furniture in precious wood covered with Japan lacquer, and magnificent carpets of velvet and silk decorate the rooms. The apartments are separated from each other by moveable partitions of cypress and sandal-wood, which are ornamented with charming designs, and cut right through the wood, so as to permit one room to be seen from the other. From the ceiling are suspended chandeliers ornamented with precious stones. There are more than thirty piles of buildings in the whole edifice, which are united by covered galleries, with columns and pavements in marble. The lodgings of the women are decorated with more than Eastern splendor. An entire army might be lodged in the house and grounds. Water courses, on which are gilded junks, traverse them in all directions; and at intervals are vast basins, in which are swans, ibises, and an infinite variety of birds. There are also pagodas nine stories high, which are very remarkable; some are in marble, others in sandal-wood, carved with great art. In the gardens are extensive aviaries of the rarest and most beautiful birds. In front of the women's apartments is a theatre in which a hundred men can perform, and so placed that people in the apartments can see without difficulty. Near the outer door is a printing office, in which M. Portingua causes the memoirs of his family to be prepared for posterity."

MODERN MUSCLE.—It has been a much disputed question amongst physiologists as to the deterioration of the human race, some answering in the affirmative, some in the negative. We question much if any feats in modern warfare can compare with many that took place in the dreadful war of the "Two Roses." Take, for instance, Sir Richard Herbert, of Colbrook, and the "stout" Earl of Warwick, whose great abilities have never been surpassed, and we think the answer must be in affirmative.

Sir Richard Herbert, of Colbrook, brother to the Earl of Pembroke, was a person of more than common stature; and, in the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, he took part with the former. He was renowned for his valor in several adventures, but more particularly in the battle of Danesmore, near Edgecote, in Northamptonshire, on July 26, 1469. In that engagement Sir Richard, with his pole-axe in his hand, passed and returned twice through the enemy's ranks, killing with his own hand one hundred and forty men, without receiving any mortal wound; but as they (the Yorkists) were obtaining the victory, on rushed John Clapham, with five hundred men, whom he had got together, bearing before them the standard of their master, Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick, and shouting the well known war-cry, "A Warwick! a Warwick!" which so affrighted the Welshmen they, thinking that the redoubtable earl was advancing with his army, suddenly fled.

The Lancastrian forces pursuing, slew above five thousand, besides making many prisoners. The Earl of Pembroke, with Sir Richard, his brother, endeavoring to rally their men, were taken, and, being brought to Banbury, were beheaded the next day after the battle. Much lamentation and great entreaty was made to save Sir Richard's life, not only for his great prowess as a soldier, but for the manly virtues with which he was endowed. Even his own brother, the earl, when he laid down his head on the block to suffer, beseeched Sir John Conyers to save him, in these words:—"Let me die, for I am old; but save my brother, who is young, lusty and hardy, mete and apt to serve the greatest prince in Christendom." Sir John, however, was inexorable, and the earl, his brother, with ten others, lost their heads.

The Earl of Warwick himself subsequently fell at the battle of Barnet, April 14th, 1471, after enacting prodigies of valor. It is stated that, after being hemmed into a corner, he slew seven men with his own hand before he was put to death.

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